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Whole No. 886

Things a Ceneral

WE wonder in reading of the past at the patience of peoples whose rights were ignored and liberties described by rules of all kinds—pretenders without more than a vestige of title to the thrones they usurped, for dictators who if they tried such a thing now would be sent either to jail or a lunatic asylum, and by classes who claimed to be select because they had been wise enough to select themselves to boss the job. The majority of us can remember the introduction of the telephone and electric cars, and as we look back over the few years it has taken those appliances to become also business we will be unable to those appliances to become also business we will be unable to the cars, and as we look back over the few years it has taken anything but occasional vassals of the Bell Telephone Company or the Toronto Street Railway. If the serfs and vassals of olden days had lords and overlords, so have we, and no hing could have been more galling to the people of feudal times than the contemptuous treatment passed out to citizens nowadays by these corporations of Toronto. In defiance of agreements, in utter disregard of public comfort, franchise-holding corporations making big money out of the people have treated all protests with silent contempt and met petitioners with a sneer and office the courts, and they found our laws defective. We have gone to the Legislature and have cluther been ignominiously thrust out or have been hocused by amendments which have made matters worse than before. If the Legislature has been lord, the scorporations have been the overlord, and the citizen has been the serf. The Federal Parliament dealt with the people on the same principle, and to-day we have the spectacle of the Bell Telephone Company having a right to the use of every public highway from Halliax, N.S., to Victoria. B.C., superior to the rights of the thousands of municipal rights, and any the superior to the rights of the thousands of municipal rights, and the provide the provided the provided that the Toronto Railway Company

to throw ourselves at the feet of our overlords of the Legislature.

Fortunately these questions have forced themselves sharply to the front during a crisis in provincial politics. A convention of the Liberals and a conference of the Conservatives will be held next week. Toronto has weakened its position, and almost nullified its influence as a political factor, by advertising itself as a Tory town prepared to vote one way under all circumstances and no matter how its interests may be affected. Those who think that it is smart for this city to mark its ballot in advance may perhaps notice how little we will have to say when the electors of other localities assemble here to decide upon a policy. The Grits have been in power and Toronto has been steadily and uncomprimisingly Tory, whether the Grits were right or wrong, whether the Tories were right or wrong, and we have got nothing that we asked for that the Government could refuse us with att making themselves appear preposterously vindictive. In the Tories get in they know that they will be supported by Toronto no matter whether they kick out our

public good. As both parties are using the same means for exciting the enthusiasm of their followers, neither Ross nor Whitney seems to have got any "for area", though probably the gathering which by reason of the most shouting and the least genuine discussion demonstrates its bigness, will be reckoned the greater success. Mr. Whitney leave nothing to do but endorse it. Others than Conservatives are invited as witnesses of this endorsation, probably in the hope that they will feel bound by having given a silent consent to the or arrangement. That others than conservatives are invited by the put on exhibition and given an opportunity to formally recant their errors. As to there being any spontaneity in the period of the p

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Mr. Goldwin Smith-Look you upon this picture-Sir Wilfrid-And on this. At the Canadian Club luncheon in Ottawa, last Saturday, Mr. Goldwin Smith painted Uncle Sam's future in very sombre colors, while Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who also spoke, proved himself an optimistic artist of a high order.)

we will have to say when the electron of other beats of the beats of t

round that there is positively nothing to mar his smoothness. In this respect Mr. McPherson resembles Josh Billings's shotgun, which he described as being of small calibre but immense bore.

**THE Court of Appeal has decided that the Christian Brothers have no right to teach in the Separate schools of Ontario, and that those now teaching must be distanced to the country of the c

can be said of the work of organizations which receive considerably more attention.

A MONG those organizations which do not appeal to me as either necessary, satisfactory or quite sane, is one which last week held its annual meeting in this city. Its meetings are not addressed by distinguished men nor attended by thoughtful ocople. Pessimism with regard to what mankind would de if not shackled by legal restraints is the prevailing spirit. Experience of the past has not ricened the judgment nor broadened the outlook of those who go back to the days of Adam and Eve for their primary precedent for a rest day in every seven. The lesson that an apparently unreasonable law imposed by the Creator on the only two human inhabitants of the world was promotly broken, has no restraining effect on their deliberations. The Lord's Day Alliance does not pretend to exist for any other nurpose than to force its ideas to the limit on an unwilling world. Its idea is to make mankind rest on the first day of the week whether it wants to rest or not; and not only must the people rest, but they must take their ease in the most uncomfortable position in which these busybodies and place them. Given their way, these Sabbatarians would make the p-ople of Toronto walk on Sunday instead of resting as they move in carloads from place to place. Toronto refused to be coerced. The churches are not deserted, the "Coutinental" Sunday has not been introduced, the saloons have not been onened, and everybody has been better content since facilities have been provided for moving about as upon ordinary days of the week.

Apropos of **Diamonds**

Last month one-half of the volume of our entire business was done in our "Diamond Department."

. Our business is divided into 12 distinct departments, but "Number 3"— that of the precious stones -did more than all the rest combined.

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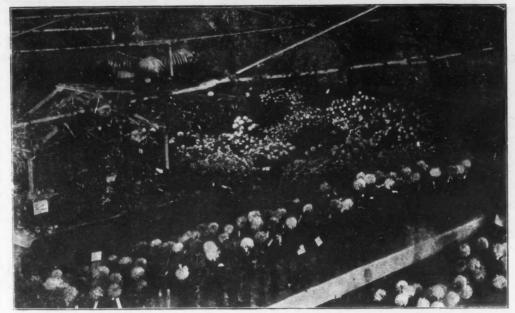
and suggestions of similar bearing are shown in our stock this season, nusual regard for the taste and con sideration of our patrons. You wi from our assortments on account of the splendid variety and the moderat prices which prevail throughout

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A CORNER OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS AT THE FLOWER, FRUIT AND HONEY SHOW, IN THE GRANITE RINK, THIS WEEK.

Scarialy was a busy day for the vicergal party, who were receiving visious, paying calls, being entertained and performing several which age. The evening afforcase are certained with the performing several which age. The evening afforcase are certained with the performing several which age. The evening afforcase are colored with all the report, enthusiasis and affection heart could desire. The marries affair which oneside them are colored with the marries of the which oneside them are colored to the colored with a fair of the performance of the colored with a fair of the colored with a fair of the performance of the colored with a fair of the colored with a fai

Mrs. Edward Farrar of Montreal spent a few days in town last week at the King Edward, and attended the presentation of an address to Lady Minto at the Woman's Art A-sociation rooms on Saturday.

The way of the automobilist is sometimes hard! In addi-The way of the automobilist is conclumes hard! In addition to fining here and there for fast driving, they are now being fined for selling the cause of offence and continuing their number on the newest purchase. You mustn't do that, you know, for each "toof-toof" has its special privilege, and it's the auto, not the buyer, that owns the licemee apparently. The Automobile Act says so, anyway.

you know, for each "toof-toof" has its special privilege, and it's the auto, not the buyer, that owns the license apparently.

We would esteem it a pleasure to show you our stock of diamond rings.

The automobile Act says so, anyway.

The automo more then a public and the season that I cannot more then for inching more—to want to see for yourself just of the prolonged a lovely night, clear and not cold, with a young debutante of a moon smiling down as they went their ways to the Hope Morgan connect, the hilarious Prince of Pilsen and the other good things which began the week. The concert was very good, Miss Hope Morgan connect, the hilarious Prince of Pilsen and the other good things which be for any season that I cannot more then for the form the season that I cannot more then for the form the season that I cannot more then for the form the season that I cannot more then for the form the season that I cannot more then for the form the form



until you can afford to put it into a good one, and then go to some dependable furrier who knows furs from the raw skin to the finished garment. I am telling just a little bit of my own experience—which cost me something to getwhen I tell you that it pays to pay for quality in sealskin of all furs.

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ISS CORNELIA perched uncertainly on a chair and held a poster effect in black and red crayons against the wall. Miss Janie hopped earnestly about, peering near-sightedly. "Over this way, Cornie," she kept saying. "No, that way—not so much—there!"

saying. No, that way—not so hatch—there!"

She handed up a Bodenhausen, tastily reproduced in colors. Miss Cornelia took a fresh balance, and unprotestingly held it four inches to one side of the Mrs. Fiske poster à la Becky. By and by it, too, was hung. Then Miss Cornelia climbed uncertainly down, and the two sisters stood together, surveying their now completed domain.

To an onlooker they would have given a peculiarly distinct impression of belonging to the bird kingdom, though Miss Janie resembled a somewhat frivolous brown sparrow, while

though Miss Janie resembled a some-what frivolous brown sparrow, while her sister, thin and gaunt, looked more like a spare raven, stepping solemnly about a small world. And if they looked like stray birds, their tiny four-room apartment undoubtedly resem-bled a nest, snug and compact, yet with many a fluttering end, many an incongruous material.

with many a fluttering end, many an incongruous material.

They were in their little sitting-room. An alcove opened off from it, in which an old-fashioned parlor grand piano sat heavily. The alcove was lighted merely from a narrow airshaft, but the Cravens sisters were very high up, in a crazy old building, which boasted only stairs for ascending purposes, and being therefore so near the heavens a modicum of light filtered through the cheap stained-glass window that cut through the red burthrough the cheap stained-glass window that cut through the red burlapped wall like a buttonhole slit.
This suite, in a previous incarnation,
had belonged to an artist, who had
hung the walls in crimson burlap and
had painted thereon many a weird
design. In the dining-room a procession of storks stood at attention about
the dado. Here, as in the little sittingroom, a faintly washed design of poppies straggled over the walls in tones
of red that slipped dully into the
faded background.

of red that supped dully into the faded background.

Besides the piano there was nothing in the alcove. Above the piano, in a shiny black frame, hung a fine steel engraving, flanked on one side by a water-color study of some rocks at low water-color study of some rocks at low tide, and on the other by a chargeal drawing of the head of Ajax. In the sitting-room the poppies showed up more splashily against the more faded background. Hung against them was a collection of paintings and drawings and reproductions crazily mixed. There was the Mrs. Fiske poster and the Bodenhausen. A plaster Venus, heavily veneered with burnt umber, stood on a bracket against a plaster stood on a bracket against a plaster bas-relief of William Morris's shaggy head. There was a St. Cecilia happily hobnobbing with a newspaper cartoon of Roosevelt. A magazine cover was pinned up between another steel engrav

pinned up between another steel engraving and a water-color.

All the furniture was very old. A quaint mahogany table stood to one side, with a tea service of beautiful old silver and china. The chairs were of old design, of the days when dresser knobs were of crystal and all things were claw-footed. The only new piece of furniture was a pine table that stood in a corner, laden with staring white plaster saints, tubes of paints, some brushes. That was Miss Janie's corner. Between the two narrow windows was an old mahogany writing-desk, with drawers that stuck inconveniently. That was Miss Cornelia's corner. Miss Janie spoke first, with awe and

about them. She has a glorious new one—no, I just ran up to say good luck. I sha'n't come in."

Miss Janie came back into the sitting-room with shining eyes. "Everybody told us, at Cravensville," she began abruptly, "that we'd find the city cold and abominable. And there

and fancies. It was known that Janie painted. It was whispered that Cornelia wrote. This sort of thing the Cravensville folk resented. Never had a prophet risen from their ranks. Never would honor be granted to any such aspiring upstart.

apripate rises from their ranks. Never would honor be granted to any such aspiring upstart.

Twenty-two years before—that is to say, when Janie was eighteen and Miss Cornelia twenty-four—their greatest joy and heaviest sorrow had come in sickening succession. Janie had sold her first picture at a sum fabulous in her eyes, a river scene, painted in oils, to a young man from the city. That his judgment of it was wholly sentimental Janie of course had no means of knowing. When, two days later, a city newspaper sent Cornelia a cheque for two poems and one love story, the two sisters felt their cup of joy filling to the brim. One week later Colonel Cravens had a paralytic stroke that left him entirely helpless. Six months later the mother went hopelessly blind. sslv blind.

lessly blind.

During that one week of happiness Cornelia and Janie had planned out their happy future. In the fall they would go up to the city and take a studio—delightful word!—in some artists' quarter. Janie would attend art school and paint lightful word!—in some artists' quarter. Janie would attend art school and paint more pictures—she leaned to miniatures. Cornelia would study quietly in the school of life and write—Cornelia leaned to poems. By and by fame would come and friends among some great ones. Like Carlyle, Janle and Cornelia were hero-worshippers. In seven days ambition had reached the height of Jonah's fabled gourd. Under swift coming affliction it sank down and withered and seemingly died.

Yet it had great vitality, that wondrous plant. As the score of years slipped by one tiny root kept alive, the root of dreams, that herb of magic and of mystery. It was rooted in Cornelia's heart. In that spare breast there lay a world of tender hopes and small ambitions, some few of which found their blossoming in words to Janie. The rest lay hidden.

As the years went by Miss Lanie.

some few of which found their blossoming in words to Janie. The rest lay hidden.

As the years went by Miss Janie gathered a small class about her and so kept up her queer little drawing and her oddly sympathetic painting. She had a small voice which she kept in practice—indeed, of the sisters Miss Janie was the more gifted, for whereas Miss Cornelia could only write, Miss Janie could sing and play and paint and compose a little. Yet no more pictures sold at seeiningly fabulous sums, and but few stories and poems ever found their way into the newspapers. There was only the tiny family income and the tinier pension to live on. But the Cravens girls made it do, and every year they turned unturnable skirts, and boiled to pure whiteness faded cotton yowns, and made old garments serve a further purpose, all that they might keep up their subscriptions to a musical journal and an art journal and a literary was againe. They lived on the happenings of the outer world. They passed an existence in a tiny province, but never lived two mortals less unprovincial. And always fancy wove a veil of misty fineness that hung bright with painted visions before the perspectiveless vista of the years. Gradually for both of them its pictured dreams became their realities, their hard reality nothing but a dream.

It was two months now since their

a dream.

It was two months now since their parents' death. When they turned from the last grave with the earth on the first one still red and staring, they faced without word or planning the carrying out of dreams. A month later, like two birds of certie passage, they went up to

brushes. That was Miss Janie's corner. Between the two narrow windows was an old mahogany writing-desk, with drawers that stuck inconveniently. That was Miss Cornelia's corner.

Miss Janie spoke first, with awe and reverence. "We're settled a last, Cornie," she said. "We've got our studio at last, and work to do—even I." A knock sounded and she fluttered to the door. A young man stepped gaily from the outer to the inner hall. He was a handsome young fellow, twenty-six perhaps.

"I ran across that brush you'll need, Miss Janie," he said. "No—heavens, no!—take it! You'll find it a good size for the finer work, and somehow those foreigners are uncommonly apt to be nasty about the gilt beads and things. And here's a fern for Miss Cornelia—Miss Cuthbert sent that up, left it with me this morning when she went out. That's all right—she has a great lot of them in her windows—says they grow fine—no trouble at all. What's that—a house-warming Sunday afternoon? That's good. Yes, any songs you want, and any amount of them. I'll speak to Miss Cuthbert about them. She has a glorious new one—no, I just ran up to say good luck. I she'n't come in."

factory, where thousands of staring plaster images were molded daily, whose golden halos and cerulean robes were added later. Most of this was done in the factory studio, but a few special models were reserved for a better fate, and were to be delivered semi-weekly at Miss Janie's door. The first instalment had just arrived, and the longed for studio was at last, on this morning, an accomplished fact.

By and by after the fern was placed, and the new brush tested, the two sisters settled down to work: Miss Janie industriously robing her saints, and Miss Cornelia dressing up a beautifully sentimental love plot, with a hard, set face that belied her happy heart.

At two o'clock they put up work, and Miss Cornelia got their simple luncheon. Over it they planned the refreshments for the house-warming. Even with only tea and cakes and bread and butter there was chance for much discussion. After long argument they decided to leave for another time an experimental mixture

blossomed in the eyes of her sister, for she chattered and laughed and made she chattered and laughed and made merry, and was unconscious of anything but pure happiness. Miss Cornelia was conscious only of the younger sister and her joy. When the afternoon was over and the guests all gone the sisters sat in the twilight almost silent, save for now and then the breath of a thought. Words are poor things for realizing dreams twenty-two years old. They were not lonely as the months wore on. A few old family friends were kind to the stray little gentlewomen. They came to know many of the workers and students in the building. Mrs. Marsden, the lawyer's wife, was touched and amused by the quaint little establishment, and her young daughter became possessed of an infautation that amounted to an obsession.

came possessed of an infatuation that amounted to an obsession.

The sisters felt they had never seen anything so beautiful as Mercedes Marsden. A Sunday afternoon without her was a day without sunshine. They rejoiced at the friendship between her and Ellen Cuthbert, at the good comradeship between her and Philbrook. They were a little coterie to themselves, even in the midst of people. The three young people had taken the two little ladies under a protecting wing. Sometimes they went together; more often Philbrook went with them alone, to odd places for dinners, to private views, to studios and concerts. Before six months were past Miss Cornelia allowed herself to own that after so many years she and Janie were living in the atmosphere they was considered. were past Miss Cornelia allowed herself to own that after so many years she and Janie were living in the atmosphere they had craved so long; that their Sunday afternoons were always popular; that week by week it became harder to gauge the amount of cakes to buy or prepare for the next day's onslaught. Miss Cornelia's hickory-nut cakes, and her own blend of two green teas, tried at last, became famous through the building. They had found the great city nothing but cordial to them, nothing but kind. They had found its heart alive and warm. They had come out of Puritan environment straight into the heart of a bohemia, and they hardly knew it by name, or, knowing it, dreamed that they were aliens.

One Sunday morning they were dressing to go with Philbrook to see some pictures in which he was interested, when a note came from Mercedes.

"She wants to bring some friends down with her this afternoon," Miss Janie cried delightedly. "A cousin of hers and his sweetheart. They are musical, and she wants Ellen and Guy here. Couldn't we have all of them stay to tea, after the rest go?"

Miss Cornelia laid aside her half-arranged street gore. "You go alone with Guy," she said, with curt decision.

tea, after the rest go?"

Miss Cornelia laid aside her halfarranged street gown "You go alone
with Guy," she said, with curt decision.
"There won't be enough cake. I'll bake
some more."

She helped the protesting Janie hurriedly to dress. Something—perhaps it
was the exquisite spring day, perhaps
the scant mention of young lovers, perhaps the growing joy of six months culminated—something made Miss Cornelia's soul swell and grow big within
her. She wanted to be alone. She
heard gladly Philbrook's knock. She
followed Janie to the hall. She gave one
brimming glance at them as they went
downstairs. Then she went back and
shut the door and bolted herself in.

While she was beating up the sponge
cake she laughed and cried in foolish
abandon to her solitary joy. She was
seeing the fulfilling of dreams. She rejoiced with an almost mad rejoicing.
She exulted grimly, but not for herself.
She was six years Janie's senior, and
her overed candidly to her forty six

She was six years Janie's senior, and she owned candidly to her forty-six years. She had had her chances, two lovers—three, if one might modestly count one too shy to propose. She had cared for none of them. Her ideals had heavy higher thems early for them cared. been higher than any of them could ever meet. But through them she had tasted a little of the joys and some of the mysteries of life, and she suffered much for Janie and her blighted girlhood. Janie had never had a lover, During those days of care and



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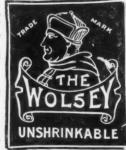
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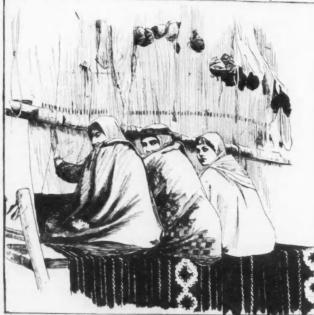
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F. T. HENDRY General Agent 151 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.



ALL THE WAY

Cravensville Miss Cornelia had not rebelled against fate. But in these latter days she found herself fiercely fightingfor Janie—that Janie, at scant forty, might have the boons denied her at eighteen. She knew that she herself looked every day of her forty-six years. Her hair was iron-gray. Her eyebrows met in a masculine line over two utterly feminine eyes. Heavy lines scored her face. Her figure was spare and lean. But Janie was different. She was slightly plumper, She had fair hair which curled naturally and lay in ringlets all about her face. Her eyebrows were delicate and did not meet disfiguringly above her eyes. Her hands were pretty and plump, instead of being made up of bone and knuckle. She had what Miss Cornelia held to be a beautiful mouth, and what Miss Cornelia considered a ready wit and charm that accounted in toto for the standing of their Sunday afternoons.

While the cake was baking in the

While the cake was baking in the oven, and later while she was frosting it, she thrilled with the delight of things unowned. Yet deep in her heart she owned boldly to it. What she wanted most of all to come to pass for Janie was a lover. Her fancy was running riot. She was ashamed of herself, and she exulted with tearful smiles at one and the same time. There had been other things than the mild extravagance of cake-baking that had kept Miss Corpelia in that morning. There was comparing that the comparing the page of the control of the comparing that the comparing the page of the comparing the comparing the comparing the page of the comparing the compa nelia in that morning. There was some-thing beautifully maternal in her long-ings for Janie, in her plans and her

miss Janie came in alone, solemnly. Her voice was hushed. Her eyes were full of light. Miss Cornelia glanced shrinkingly at her. She felt the change that had come over her sister. She asked a few questions, general ones, and Miss Lanie answered them, incorporated asked a few questions, general ones, and Miss Janie answered them inconsequently. It developed after a bit that she and Philbrook had gone nowhere in particular, had not seen the paintings. "We just walked—and talked," said Miss Janie vaguely. Miss Cornelia pressed no questions nor needed answers. She held herself in that hour to be seer and prophetess.

swers. She held herself in that hour to be seer and prophetess.
Guy Philbrook came up early that afternoon. He brought some flowers, spring blossoms that bore no relation to hothouse flowers. For an hour he was the only guest. Miss Janie was playing when he came, and she did not get up from the piano. By and by he went over to her, and began to sing to her accompaniment. Without having the slightest gift for it, Miss Janie had a mild mania for accompanying singers, and she worked assiduously over songs for him. Philbrook was like Miss Janie, versatile. He sang as he painted, reversatile. He sang as he painted, re-markably well, that is. Miss Cornelia sat and watched them both shyly, flutter-

sat and watched them both and ingly.

"Oh, sing it over," she begged as the last strains died. Her voice sounded through the faint tinkle on the yellow-keyed piano of the closing measures of Der Nussbaum.

"Shall we?" Miss Janie asked as her tiny fingers fled industriously through the last two runs. The young man nodded, smiling, and Miss Janie began again her conscientious pursuit of the again her conscientious pursuit of the nodded, smiling, and Miss Janie began again her conscientious pursuit of the melody. He took up the first line: "Es grünet ein Nussbaum vor dem Haus," following as he could Miss Janie's flighty flights over the keyboard. When it was finished again he spoke': "This is where Schumann and Schubert have been sounding all week."

Miss Janie smiled without confusion. It was Miss Cornelia who blushed vicariously. She had noted the practicing of Der Nussbaum and Sylvia and Auf dem Wasse: zu singen.

Outwardly the afternoon was like

Outwardly the afternoon was like any another one. People of various orts came and went. Only Miss Corsorts came and went. Only Miss Cornelia noticed the peculiar light that still shone in Miss Janie's eyes when she glanced at Philbrook, or the serene answering confidence in the young man's face as he looked back at her. No one noticed Miss Cornelia, her upliftedness, as she moved among her guests.

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Baum, Sehnend,

When all the callers had departed there were left after all only Mercedes and Philbrook to help eat Miss Cornelia's sponge cake. She spread the tea cloth on the mahogany table in the sitting-room. Miss Janie set it. In the kitchen Philbrook cut up nuts and fruits for a salad and was dressing it. When he had mixed it he brought it to Mercedes as she sat cutting cake and pailing it up on a silver salver.

"It's your turn now," he said simply. Mercedes blushed slightly as she took the bowl and the plate of blanched lettuce. She began to arrange the leaves in the quaint old dish. A few moments later Philbrook came in from the kitchen, followed close by the sisters. He stared, fascinated, for a moment.

"What a picture!" he muttered.
"Great heavens, what lines and color!"
Mercedes was sitting in a square
bay-window in an old-fashioned, straightbay-window in an old-fashioned, straightbuilt chair. Her slender body was
slightly bent over her work. Her dark
hair fell in lovely confusion over her
forehead. She was wearing a white
wool gown. In her lap she held the
Chinese bowl with its nest of green.
Behind her a Chinese lily sent up its
straight green leaves and white blossoms. Through the windows came the
last rays of the sinking sun, setting tonight with a strange green light.

Mercedes looked up suddenly, flushing
through her clear skin. Miss Janie ran
over to her and kissed her lovingly. "I
never knew anything so lovely could
just happen!" she cried. "Nor did Guy.
I thought things had to be posed."

Miss Cornelia's pale eyes glowed with

Miss Cornelia's pale eyes glowed with eagerness. She reached out an avid hand for further instruction. "What made it, Guy?" she asked.

Philbrook laughed a little. "All of Philbrook laughed a little. "All of it," ke said, and would say no more. Mercedes got up quickly and pushed back her chair. She brought the salad over to the table. The Japanesque pose and setting dissolved as if by magic. Both she and Miss Cornelia were very quiet through the meal. Miss Janie and Guy talked happily and intimately. Miss Cornelia made them all sit still while she cleared away the tea things.

Miss Cornelia made them all sit still while she cleared away the tea things. She was so happy that night that she wanted the snatches of solitude the little kitchen afforded. As she washed the silver she heard stray bits of talk from the sitting-room. Guy at last was analyzing the reasons for the beauty of the little picture of an hour back. Miss Cornelia caught eagerly at drifting phrases, bits of artists! "shop." It came to her as it had never come before, the difference between this life of beauty and friendships and love and that fettered one at Cravensville. Next month, Janie was to enter on another term at the art school. She had the right too, Janie was to enter on another term at the art school. She had the right people about her at last. She had life and love at last. What more could life hold than this for the elder sister? Over the teaspoons she dreamed dreams unspeakable, things not to be thought of deliberately, to be thought of only when they came drifting like kaleidoscopic bits of a beautiful future. And only for Janie

When she came back into the sittingroom Philbrook was singing again.
Mercedes was playing for him. Miss
Janie was watching them, sitting in the
same straight-backed chair where Mercedes had sat while the sun poured its
green light through the windows. She
gestured silently to Miss Cornelia, and
bent toward her eagerly. bent toward her eagerly.

"To-night I want to tell you something about this morning," she said after the manner of one to whom the mere telling that there was something to tell was a relief unspeakable. Her eyes were shining softly. Miss Cornelia caught her breath.

"About you-and Guy?" she asked, with shameless daring.

Miss Janie nodded happily.

Miss Janie nodded happily.

Miss Cornelia sat back and closed her pale eyes. Only now did she let herself realize what her dreams through all these months had been. She looked at her sister again. Miss Janie's eyes were fastened on Philbrook, lighted with "the light that never was," Miss Cornelia quoted softly to herself. It was impossible to mistake that shining light. She sank back again. Her heart was filled with joy. All her dreams had become truth. That painted veil of fancy was not illusion, but Truth itself. What ruight be, was. There was nothing in life to be dreamed of that did not exist, somewhere, for the dreamer. somewhere, for the dreamer.

She became suddenly conscious that Guy was singing Der Nussbaum again; that Mercedes was playing it—beauti-Es grünet ein Nussbaum vor dem Haus.

Breitet er blättrig die Neste aus. iel liebliche Blüthen stehen dran

Winde Winde
Kommen, sie heralich zu umfahn.

Miss Cornelia opened her eyes and looked, at them, the singer and the player. Mercedes' eyes were on the keys; Philbrook was looking steadily down upon her bent head.

Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein, das Dächte.

Tagelang, wusste, acht selber nicht was. Sie flüstern-wer mag verstehen so gar

Flüstern vom Bräut'gam und nächsten

Miss Cornelia was looking at them very quietly, the singer and the player. In her mind, however, was another picture—a picture of the late afternoon, of the white-gowned girl, the Japanesque urangement, the greens in accessories and atmosphere. Suddenly she looked across the room at her sister, sitting in hat straight-backed chair. She looked back at Mercedes. Another picture rose in her mind, unheeded before, but distinct to a hair; a picture of the earlier afternoon, when at the piano another figure sat, playing conscientiously the same haunting melody. She saw it distinctly, the quaint little woman in pure profile, with fair hair tossed about a face faded and old. She saw with pitless eyes the little snub nose, the peering, near-sighted eyes, the streak of crude blue light that fell through the stained glass across the finely wrinkled little mouth, the tiny fingers laboriously hurrying through the runs:

and I am growing stronger and heavier every day.

"My customers, naturally, have been interested, and I am growing stronger and heavier every day.

"My customers, naturally, have been interested, and I am growing stronger and heavier every day.

"My customers, naturally, have been interested, and I am growing stronger and heavier every day.

"Some people would think that a simple dish of Grape-Nuts and cream would not carry one through to the moonday meal, but it will, and in the most vigorous fashion."

Name given by Postum Co. Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pactical and I am growing stronger and heavier every day. ack at Mercedes. Another picture rose her mind, unheeded before, but dis-

Das Mägdlein harchet, as nauscht im

Sinkt es lächelnd im Schlaf und Traum.
The silence in the dim room lasted for many minutes. Finally Mercedes moved uncertainly. Her eyes went first

moved uncertainly. Her eyes went first to Miss Cornelia and then hurried on to Miss Janie and rested there.

"I must—go," she said half-fearfully.
"I—can go alone—I know."

Miss Cornelia caught her breath. She, too, turned toward her sister, to see in Miss Janie's eyes the light that had shone in them all day long. Guy made a quick step after the girl, and then held himself back. But his eyes, too, were shining.

Miss Janie fluttered to her feet. "Yes," she said quickly, "you must go. Guy,

Miss Jane intered to her feet. Zes, she said quickly, "you must go. Guy, get her wraps." She put the long coat about the girl and nodded to Philbrook. The young man went out into the little hall and came back with his outdoor

things on.

Mercedes swerved away slightly. "It isn't necessary," she breathed. "Not further than the car." She kissed both sisters hurriedly and slipped into the outer hall.

Miss Cornelia was once again sitting in her chair when her sister turned from the door.
"He told me this morning," Miss Janie

"He told me this morning," Miss Janie cried happily. "He wanted to ask me about her father, what Mr. Marsden might demand in a man. He feels he can really think of marriage now that he has got on the staff of the Star Monthly. That song told her—he meant it should—I know the dear things are talking now. Guy said if he won her he wants to bring her here for the first few years. To think of having them so near us every day!"

Miss Cornelia straightened her thin shoulders and looked at her sister—she dreaded that first look, despite Janie's happy voice. A swift question leaped to her lips, a question that had no seeming bearing.

"Do you never miss anything, Janie?" she asked harshly. "Never? Are you always happy?

Miss Janie looked with wondering eyes. "I was born happy, you know," she said. Suddenly she flushed, as if her cheek were brushed by the wing of a flaming thought. She bent over her sister. "We've always had each other, Cornie," she said. "I've always had you."

you."

Miss Cornelia sat for many minutes while Miss Janie moved quietly about, straightening the room for the night. It had been, after all, only one day out of many years. The habits of a lifetime may not be easily broken. She knew where Janie's happy thoughts were. By slow degrees her own went timidly out in the night, following the two young lovers, dreaming their dreams with them, for her joy and Janie's.

The Smart Set.

The Smart Set.

A Question of Memory.

OME one has said that a liar must have a good memory," observed the cheerful man who had been entertaining the group in the smoking-room with some rare yarns, "but the teller of jokes and stories should have one just as good. This is how I made the discovery:

"One evening I took my boy to the doctor to be treated for some trifling complaint. He was a middle-aged man who had learned how it paid to look wise and talk little, and while he was pouring his sugar pills into two small bottles my boy issued an order as to what we were to get after leaving the OME one has said that a liar

what we were to get after leaving the office—ice-cream or candy or peanuts or something equally out of joint with the doctor's treatment for too much

Sinday dinner.

"This boy thinks he is commanderin-chief, doctor,' I said.

"That is the trouble with nearly all
of them nowadays,' he replied.

"'Oh, it is nothing new,' I remarked.

Till Noon.

The imple Dish That Keeps One Vigorous and Well Fed ,

When the doctor takes his own medicine and the grocer eats the food he recommends some confidence comes to

the observer.

A grocer of Ossian, Ind., had a practical experience with food worth anyone's attention.

last year I was confined to the bed nearly all of the time, and much of the time unable to retain food of any sort on my stomach. My bowels were badly constipated continually and I lost in weight from 165 pounds down to 88

"When at the bottom of the ladder I changed treatment entirely and started in on Grape-Nuts and cream for nourishment. I used absolutely nothing but this for about three months. I slowly improved until I got out of bed and began to move about.

"I have been improving regularly and the start of the st

"I have been improving regularly and now in the past two years have been working about fifteen hours a day in the store and never felt better in my life.
"During these two years I have never missed a breakfast of Grape-Nuts and cream, and often have it two meals a day, but the entire breakfast is always made of Grape-Nuts and cream alone. "Since commencing the use of Grape-Nuts I have never used anything to stimulate the action of the bowels, a thing I had to do for years, but this food keeps me regular and in fine shape, and I am growing stronger and heavier every day.

If some folks only knew how easy it is to make a delicious and healthful cup of tea by using

Ceylon Tea, they would not hesitate five minutes in getting a packet SEALED PACKETS ONLY.

more food than inexperienced cooks.

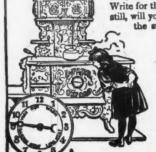
Dainty pastry and delicate cakes are ruined if the oven is too hot or not hot enough. The oven thermometer of the Imperial Oxford Range does away with all guesswork. The least experienced can tell to a certainty when the oven is ready for baking or roasting.

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Range Most cooking failures may be traced to the fact that you don't know your oven. With the Imperial Oxford Range you know that the heat of the oven is evenly distributed and its exact

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CARNE SERVE

Toronto, Canada Montreal, Winnipeg

'I was reading only the other day of a King who was giving an audience to some ambassadors. Just as they were salaaming and addressing him as the mighty ruler of the kingdom, the boy Frince blundered into the room. The King stopped the ambassadors, saying that they should rather address the Prince as the ruler of the kingdom, because he lorded it over the Queen, and the Queen queened it over him. "The doctor laughed, but not enough to jostle his dignity, and took the stated fee for his two phials of sugar. "About a month afterward I was calling on a friend one evening, and the doctor happened in also. Our friend's boy came bounding into the room and delivered a ukase in reference to some neglected parental duty in another part of the house, and our host excused himself. 'I was reading only the other day of a

"'Our children certainly do order us

self.

"Our children certainly do order us around, doctor,' I observed. "The way that boy spoke reminds me of a story I read a short time ago. A King was receiving some ambassadors, and they were saluting him and calling him the glorious ruler of the kingdom, when the boy Prince came running in."

"I let him have it clear to the end, Queen and all, putting in some little embellishments to take up the time, and did not remember having already told it to him until I was through. You may imagine I felt cheap enough; but he did not say anything about having heard it twice, and I did not give myself away, hoping that he would not recollect that I had tried to make him laugh at the thing the second time.

"About six weeks after that I was walking along the street one afternoon, and encountered the doctor strolling out with his boy. I went with them for a

with his boy. I went with them for a square or two, and as we were passing a candy store the boy ordered:

"Father come in now and buy me "'Strange how the children nowadays think they can boss the whole creation,' the doctor said. "When this boy issues a command like that he always reminds

the doctor said. The saws reminds a command like that he always remind

"Don't call me the monarch," the King said. "This is the real sovereign. He orders his mother around, and she does the same with me." "Now to this day I don't know whether the doctor was kidding me, retaliating for boring him twice with the story, or whether he had forgotten where he had got the incident. I looked at his face steadily, but there was nothing to show that he was playing a sly game on me.

"Don't call me the monarch," the King in one way, too. I flatter myself I had some ease in story-telling, but when I tell one since then I keep thinking that my listener may be doing double duty and is too polite to tell me so."

—Howard Markle Hoke.

The Plaint of the Rich.

Nothing to do, oh, people I.

Nothing to do but spend.

"If he was I deserved it, as you will all admit; but it was then that I saw the importance of a special memory for

takes away the weight of years. It renews the youthful vigor of stomach, liver and bowels - gently stimulates these vital organs to normal, healthy action; cures constipation and biliousness.

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Nothing to do, oh, people!.

Nothing to do but spend.

Someone to amuse us.

Something to enthuse us—

Where is the next kind friend?

We've run all the gamut of functions— Conventional, splendid and freak; We'll blow half a million On just a cotillion, If only it's truly unique

We've golfed and we've tooled and

we've golled and we've tooled and we've poloed;
We've searched high and low with our play;
On air-ships, like horses
And yachts and divorces
And autos, we'll soon be blasé.

The country is older than Noah, The city, egad, is the same. In bridge there's a yawn For each thousand that's gone— Do give us another new game

We've used up all scenes and sensa-

tions
E'er dreamed by Pinero or Fitch.
By our money bereft
There is naught for us left—
So pity the poor rich!
EDWIN L. SABIN.



ARCEL, grand painter; Schaunard, grand musician; Colline, grand philosopher; Rodolphe, grand poet; Musette, Mimi! Shades of the real Quartier Latin, which Henri Murget put into print many decades ago. And dear Toronto public, gazing with wide eyes at the play! Some of the eyes were still wide as tentative voices inquired, "How did you like it?" It is good for us that they did not ask, "Why did you like it?" For, of course, we liked it! It was like meeting rollicking old friends of long ago, of days when, under the rose, we devoured the clever, quaint, nanghty stories of the loves and adventures and struggles of the immortal four first above mentioned. One sees Schaunard, half-dressed, crying, "Tiens! Tiens! c'est particulier comme fair du matin yous donne des idées," as he rushes to his piano with the inspiration of a long eluding phrase, and discourses of his composition as he plays it. One follows with amusement, if not approbation, the suggestion in the play of the marvelous nerve and ingenuity it. One follows with amusement, if not approbation, the suggestion in the play of the marvelous nerve and ingenuity with which Murget's noble four avoided paying their rent. The Café Momus looked familiar on the stage, and one recalled the Clan Bohème and their frugal feasts, or their wild celebrations of ce beau jour with fireworks from their attic window. Who that has agonized with Marcel over a dinner invitation and no clothes to go in, will vitation and no clothes to go in, will forget the result of his hour's search, "Scotch tweed trousers, a grey hat, a red necktie, one black and one white glove, and two boots for the same foot"? And perhaps you may remember how





ueen



I had when I

Toke

ctions— ak;

ed and

l sensa

itch.

BIN

In a pair of Queen Quality shoes the emphasis comes on the word "Fit." Queen Quality fits the footothers do sometimes.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY TORONTO, OAN.

HEADACHE AJAX HARMLESS HEADACHE to heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take no other, see and age. All dealers or direct from nugrin & Co., Simcoe, Ont. Money hack if not

a black coat was finally procured from the unwary "sitter" to Schaunard for a portrait, who mas assured that the proper garb was a nightgown, and who "sat" all night while Marcel dined in his habiliments. Through the life of the Clan Bohème flit girls of various charms, the young, healthy, illiterate Louise, of whom Marcel says, "White shoulders and white arms have no need of knowing grammar!" The clever Sidouie, who and white arms have no need of knowing grammar! The clever Sidouie, who sends Rodolphe his dinner and his pipe from her balcony to his funny prison cell; Musette, the singer of the cafés, who drank every wine in every glass, loved the pop of champagne, and gave soirées only differing from those of the upper crust because they amused people; Laure, the damsel with whom Rodolphe scraped acquaintance at table d'hôte, and who was always punctual at a rendezseraped acquaintance at table d'hôte, and who was always punctual at a rendeztous, while he was tardy; Phemie, the idol of Schaunard, who, bouncing upon a springy sofa, announces that for a drink she prefers "perfect love." as it is good for the stomach; Mimi, who brought to Rodolphe, as dot, her eighteen years and a half, two china cups and a red cat, also called Mimi; Seraphine, the big Normandy girl; Lucille, whose name roused such a flood of recollection in Rodolphe as sets him at once free from Seraphine—all these flit through one's mind as one watches the little play wherein only Musette and Aumi appear. The curtain fell in absolute silence on the death of Mimi, whose and was most depressing, but not so bad ute silence on the death of Mimi, whose end was most depressing, but not so bad as that of the real Mimi of Murget's inimitable sketches, who died apart from her lover, and was buried in a pauper's grave. One wonders what were the thoughts of the young persons who sat through this play? Young persons who know not the Boulevard St. Michel nor the Café Momus, the Bohème, which is true to life, guarded by two griffins, misery and doubt—where neither one's meal nor one's sweetheart is sure to be one's own from day to is sure to be one's own fro m day dav—the mad, merry, pitiful, tragic, fascinating vie de Bohème!

For the last fortnight the mail has For the last fortnight the mail has brought me many inquiries as to whether I believe in mind-reading, referring, I presume, to the recent rather clever doings of Miss Fay. In answer to these questions I say merely that Miss Fay has to my knowledge read the minds of several persons very correctly. Therefore, I believe the thing can be done. Also, that I am continually reading the minds of people myself and find I quite often attain correctness. Time failed me to avail myself of Miss Fay's demonstrations; therefore, I am unable to "give a true account" of what occurred at her seances, but the account which was her seances, but the account which was given by my friend "Kit" in "Woman's Kingdom" last week was so similar to my own former experience, that I fancy it would have been much what would have been written had I had her opportunity of observation. Believe a great deal, my friends! No one was ever sorry for believing, unless the belief meant sin.

Here's another dear Irishman! Life would be dull indeed without those blessed beings! Says this one: "Last night, at two o'clock in the morning, when I was walking up and down the floor, wid me bare feet on the oilcloth, and a crying child on each arm, I couldn't help remembering that me father wanted me to be a priest. But I thought I knew better than he did."

thought I knew better than he did."

Talk about preparing for the coming baby! True enough, 'tis fascinating work, and there's an extra pleasant flavor if it's going to be somebody else's baby, as it was last summer, when the smiling spectators might have seen my wild raid on a departmental shop, which was just about closing, and where I firmly took my stand, spite of rules and regulations, until severy large parcels were safely landed with me in a perfectly jammed street car, where they all seven got under people's feet and bumped into their faces, and were crawled after and scrambled for by the passengers, who all somehow became possessed of the information that the case was urgent, and the baby probably at that moment, like the old woman, "wrapped up in a blanket." There was not much sentiment in those preparations, not that afternoon! But prepara-

ton for the baby, interesting as it may be, has been eclipsed by preparation for the little old lady. One doesn't know much of the baby's tastes, prejudices, habits, and former life. He may be a she. it may be twins, the possibilities are so vague that one need not bother about them. But with the little old lady one knows. What may one do in a city sky parlor to make up for the loss of trees and flowers and mother earth. here where there are asphalt tion for the baby, interesting as it may earth, here where there are asphalt and smoke and telegraph wires by way of scenery? One can paper the walls with pink roses, and fuss up the win-dows with lace, and set the green things dows with lace, and set the green tunings growing which even a down-town window-sill won't kill, and is it warm in this cosy corner for the little old lady's chair, and will she like to sleep so, and cat thus? But the motive power in the success of both preparations is just the same old-fashioned love that trusts and waits and longs for the coming of the same old-fashioned love that trusts and waits and longs for the coming of the small helpless atom and the small help-ful person. In the case of the little old lady, one knows much will be missed, and cheerfully missed, for love's sake; in the case of "he, she or them," the mind loses itself in speculation of what the new-come soul has left, of those worlds which we feel must be, which yet enthrall the new soul so that it looks through disconcertingly indifferent eyes upon our gewgaws and coral bells!

LADY GAY.

Whistler's Famous Peacock Room.

N reporting the fact that what is known as Whistler's Peacock Room is to be brought in pieces from England to the United States, the New York Herald gives a highly interesting description of the room and of the supreme includence of Whistler in making it for another man et that other ing it for another man, at that other man's expense, without his consent—and in defiance of his strictly expressed wishes. Following is the *Herald's* ac-

"The house was the property of Mr. F. R. Leyland, and stands at Princess Gate, London. The dining-room originally was in the early Norman style, with drop ceilings and much woodwork. On the whole it was rather a gloomy interior. The dominant color tone was

one side of the room. The price arranged for this single panel, incidentally, was twenty-five thousand dollars. The painting, which Whistler completed in due time, was entitled La Princesse du Pays de Porcelain. It was in his best manner, and has been greatly admired. The central figure of the painting is that of a girl dressed in light pink robes, the general effect suggesting strongly a Japanese painting.

"It soon became evident to the owner of the house that the painting, with

"It soon became evident to the owner of the house that the painting, with its delicate Japanese color effect and treatment, did not harmonize with the darker decoration of the room, and Whistler was called in to advise. Whistler suggested that he might lighten the room in the vicinity of his painting with a little gold leaf, and received the owner's permission to go ahead. He began to lighten it with gold and Antwerp blue. Whistler, according to his own confession later, had no idea of making any great alteration in the of making any great alteration in the room, but the spirit of the work took hold of him, and he attacked the project with enthusiasm.

"The wall which furnished the set-

ting for his original painting grew much lighter by the addition of blue and gold. In his enthusiasm he did not take the time to remove the leather, whereas the bare walls might have whereas the bare walls might have served his purpose better. Finally Whistler, foreseeing objection, told Mr. Leyland that he must work alone and undisturbed if at all, and requested the proprietor of the house to leave London for a month. Mr. Leyland objected, and Whistler thereupon refused point blank to go on with the work. He was finally left alone in the dining-room.

dining-room.

"Immediately Whistler and a pupil supplied themselves with an unlimited quantity of Antwerp blue and gold leaf, and attacked the room as a whole. The vast expanse of Spanish leather quickly disappeared under the new covering. The ceiling was next treated, and afterwards the woodwork, until every part of the room was resplendent with blue and gold. Great fans of

supplied by the walls, which were covered with old Spanish leather, a very costly but somewhat gloomy decoration. "With the intention of lightening the room, Mr. Leyland called upon the famous artist to paint a panel to occupy one side of the room. The price arranged for this single panel, incidentally, was twenty-five thousand dollars, the painting, which Whistler completed in due time, was entitled La Princesse the remotest corners of the wonderful room, yet all in the most perfect har-

"It was in the midst of the work and while the room was in a state of wild disorder that the owner of the and while the room was in a state of wild disorder that the owner of the house suddenly appeared and demanded admittance. Whistler imperiously refused him. A few days later, however, Mr. Leyland stole into the room unexpectedly while Whistler and his pupil were at work. Leyland was furious. The rare woods he had gathered at such cost were hidden beneath paint and gold leaf. The leather was apparently defaced. The work had gone on quite without his permission, and already many thousands of dollars' worth of material had been ruined. He asked Whistler angrily what he had done with his leather.

"Whistler without turning from the work he was busy with, replied: 'Your leather is beneath my peacocks, and an excellent ground, too, it formed to paint on.'

"Mr. Leyland was furious, and asked Whistler how much he was indebted to the artist for having wrecked his room."

"One thousand guineas.' Whistler.

room.
"'One thousand guineas,' Whistler replied instantly.
"'But you have ruined more than that much in leather already,' said Mr. Leyland. 'I will give you that many pounds.'

land. T will give you that many pounds."

"Whistler readily agreed to this on condition that he be allowed to finish the room uninterrunted. The anolication of gold and blue was continued. But the incident was responsible for perhaps the most striking decoration of the remarkable room. Whistler immortalized the quarrel with Mr. Levland on the remaining panel. In the same style, suggestive so strongly of the Japanese art at its best. Whistler proceeded to paint a fantastic group of two great peacocks. One of the birds caricatured Leyland. It was smothered in golden eagles, while all about it on the floor were silver shillings, commemorating the difference between the sovereign and the guinea which Leyland refused to pay him. The second peacock represented Whistler himself, and struts about prancing and triumphant. The quarrel over the extra shilling is thus recorded for all time.

"In some respects Whistler's great-

ing and triumohant. The quarrel over the extra shilling is thus recorded for all time.

"In some respects Whistler's greatest conquest in this work is his decoration of the inside window shutters. The shutters when closed formed a comparatively smooth face, and on each Whistler has painted a marvellous conventionalized peacock, with tail feathers extended in successive fans until every nart of the shutter is covered. So carefully has this been done that the detail of the shutter is completely lost in the design. The hinges, for example, are skilfully worked into the shadines of the feathers, so that they can only be discovered on the closest inspection. Each of the panels formed by closing the shutters contains a different design, although all are similar. The plumage of a single peacock suffices in each case to fill the panel.

"The room was originally intended to reproduce the old Norman interiors, and the walls accordingly are lined with a series of bracket-like decorations, with many slender norights of dark wood. The wooden norights presented unusual difficulties. Whistler overcame these by covering them with brilliant neacock feathers, shaded from dark to light downward. An unexpected effect was thus obtained. Not only do the walls and ceilings, once covered with sombre leather, shine resplendent, but the hundreds of additional feathers thus introduced, as it were, in relief, lend a certain air of animation to the whole. "The ceiling of the peacock room harmonizes well with the whole, which is perhaps the highest praise it can have. The droo ceiling of the Norman room is naturally divided into a series of triangles by the arches. Whistler attempted no general designs in these

panels, but filled the entire surface panels, but filled the entire surface with a series of great fans of peacock eyes, in blue and gold. The peacock's eye has been conventionalized to form a regular design. Needless to say it is extremely original, both as to its lines and color scheme. The labor of painting this ceiling alone must have been enormous. The entire room, it must be considered, was done by Whistler and a single pupil."

Pennsylvania Railroad's Winter Excur

In pursuance of its annual custom, the Passenger Department of the Peunsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading winter resorts of the East and South, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, this Winter Excursion Book is a model of typographical and pictorial work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

"Don't you think Miss Lingerlong's face looks rather worn?"
"Well, she has been wearing it since

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DRONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORI Vol. 18 TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 19, 1904.



T the Princess this week The Prince of Pilsen has been playing to surprisingly good houses, taking into consideration the fact that it immediately followed a whole week of grand opera of a quality seldom presented in Toronto. As the piece has story. It is sufficient to say that the production and company are quite up to the standard of last year. In fact, I am not sure that the cast is not in some respects stronger. For those who like such entertainments, The Prince of Pilsen is just the sort of thing they like.

With fresh scenery, good the musical extravaganza, draws large houses to the Grand this week, and they go away satisfied. There is a large and well-balanced company which renders new and gatchy songs, some of the best of which are, Good-night Evangeline, Over the Moonlit Sea, Auber Nit and the Song of Nations. The principal roles—U. Kahn, a German! Dusty Dawson, a tramp, and Con Conn, an Irishman—are played respectively by George Bickel, Harry Watson and Ed Lee Wrothe—and the trio keep the house roaring with laughter. The Hon, Hiram Rolla, a Western millionaire, and Lord Storm were two parts eleverly played. The lady members of the company are charming as well as elever; Miss Gertrude Hoffmann's singing and dancing being especially good. Miss Marion Stanley, Miss Etta Pearce, and Miss Jess e Pearce succeeded admirably in rather difficult parts.

Shea's this week has one of the most attractive programmes yet presented this season, nearly all the turns being good in their different ways. Miss May Vokes, in a one-act play entitled The Model Maid, gives a finished bit of acting and delights the audience. She is supported by Mr. George Spink. Digby Bell, who is well known here, got a great reception—and deserved it, too, as his jokes and songs are good, especially his description of a horse-race, one of the best things I've heard for some time. The Ten Ichi troupe of Japanese magicians have been here before, and then, as now, puzzled the audience with their marvelous tricks, especially with the one where water is made to flow from various places, such as the heads of his attendants, flower-pots, etc. Katherine Nelson sings and dances charmingly. The Orpheus Comedy Four are again here, and present their well known turn with the usial success. Adelaide Roattino and Clara Stevens have a pretty little turn in which the singing and dancing are well done. Poultney and Doley are very clever trick cyclists. Charles Burke and Grace La Rue with their restaurant scene, and the kinetograph complete the bill. * * *

The announcement that Namette Comstock is to appear as Virginia Carvel in The Crisis at the Grand Opera Housement week must be regarded in the light of a dramatic treat for patrons of that house. The play is without doubt one of the most popular and best known dramas on the stage of this country. Mr. Winston Churchill, who has made the play from his own novel of the same name, has constructed a drama that bears well the marks of time. The play is as fresh and attractive to-day as it was when first produced nearly four years ago, and comes to this city with a new scenic production and what is said to be the best company yet seen in the interpretation of the play. Miss Comstock, the star, has a record which embraces the creation of many of the better known characters in modern stage history. She was the original Jennie Buckthorn in Shenandoah; of Maxine Elliot's part in Nat Goodwin's great success, The Altar of Friendship. The leading part in Lovers' Lane was also the original Jenuic Buckthorn in Shenandoah; of Maxine Elliott's part in Nat Goodwin's great success, The Altar of Friendship. The leading part in Lovers' Lane was also created by this clever young woman. More recently still, Miss Comstock created the part of Mollie Wood in The Virginian, and still later that of the young missionary in Willie Colter's The Dictator. Miss Comstock was selected for stellar honors by Mr. Hackett because that astute manager regarded her as one of the most promising young actresses on the stage to-day. She has signed a contract to star under Mr. Hackett's management for a term of years, but will be seen in The Crisis for this season only. This will, therefore, be the only opportunity that local theatergoers will have to see Miss Comstock as Virginia Carvel.

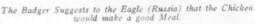
Mme. Slapoffski, a soprano of unusual ability, will head the bill at Shea's Theater next week. She has been in vaude-ville only a few weeks but has already caused quite a sensation. Mme. Slapoffski was for nine years the leading seprano of the Carl Rosa Grand Opera Company, of London, and for three years starred in grand opera in Australia. Her voice is one of the best that has ever been heard in vaudeville and she is sure to make a decided hit when she appears on Monday. Her selections include The Jewel. Song from Faust, Scenes That are Brightest from Muritana, and Why Don't They Play With Me, by Charles K. Harris. As an extra special attraction, Mr. Shea offers She, who will present an act called The Four Elements. Miss She was brought over from Europe quite recently and her phetographs show her to be one of the most beautiful women on the stage. Just exactly what the nature of her act is has not been disclosed; sufficient to say that with her great beauty, special and handsome stage setting and wonderful electrical effects, she is to present one of the finest acts that has been seen here this season. Another act that should please is that of Winkler's Madcaps, four of the most famous dancers in the world. While they are on the stage they are as busy as birds, and while they do enough actual work to tire a circus tumbler, they finish each dance with a 'laugh that proves infectious with the audience. Mattie Keene & Company will present Ella Wheeler Wilcox's playlet Her First Divorce Case. Mattie Keene as Lawyer Howl pats plenty of comedy into the act. The Four Bard Bros., aerobats; Matthews & Ashley, a talking and singing act;





The Farmer (Old Japan) rescues the Egg (Korea) from the A Chicken (Korea) is Hatched from the Egg, while the Badger (Alexcieff) looks Greedily in at the Window







Whereupon the Eagle makes off with the Prize

STORY OF THE WAR BY A JAPANESE CARTOONIST.

Billy Link with a clever monologue, and the Kinetograph with new pictures complete a very strong bill.

While I have not much enthusiasm to display, as a rule, over the modern trick of reproducing the Elizabethan drama in the erude manner which the lack of mechanical still made it impossible to avoid in the sixteenth century, I analysay glad to see or read of productions of the English made it impossible to avoid in the sixteenth century, I analysay glad to see or read of productions of the English made it impossible to avoid in the sixteenth century, I analysay glad to see or read of productions of the English made it impossible to avoid in the sixteenth century, I analysay glad to see or read of productions of the English made it impossible to avoid in the sixteenth century, I analysay glad to see or read of productions of the English made it impossible to avoid in the sixteenth century, I analysay glad to see or read of productions of the English made it impossible to avoid in the sixteenth century, I analysay glad to see or read of productions of the English mode it in the public sometime for their mode. The work in the past public sometime for their mode, Throw in the past public sometime for their mode, Throw in the past public sometime for their mode, Throw in the past public sometime for their mode, Throw in the past public sometime for their mode of the production which it did receive, and which would be avoid to the production which it did receive, and which would be septied their extraordinary appearance, for one moment broke the terrible gravity of the symbolism, speaks and the produced the heart of Ben Greet—for it seems to have met defined the heart of Ben Greet—for it seems to have met defined to know that this grand tragedy was given even the fad production which it did receive, and which would be such as the produced the heart of Ben Greet—for it seems to have met defined the heart of Ben Greet—for it seems to have met defined to which will did receive, and which would be supported to the produ

In theatrical circles the chief events of the past week have been the advent of Rejane, in French repertory, and the departure of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the rather disappointing Sorceress. Not that Mrs. Campbell proved disappointing in the Sardou play—her great artistry would not permit that—but the piece is not what her admirers would choose as the medium of her art. Mrs. Campbell has come to be identified so intimately, in our thought, with the new school of pro-moderns, and is so peculiarly endowed by nature with the necessary intellectual gifts to be its logical stage exponent, that to find her in this Sardou shocker, even for one season, seems a pitiful waste of genius. Sudermann, Ibsen, even Pinero before his cynical transformation, and such apostles of the larger life, need this dramatic interpreter of their faith, to say nothing of the public that hungers and thirsts by the way for an instinctive understanding of their creed.

Zoraya, the beautiful Moorish widow, consumed by her own passion, hypnotizing the rival of her affections for a Spanish officer at the moment of their marriage, and taking the place of the bride-to-be at the altar, with all the melo-Billy Link with a clever monologue, and the Kinetograph with new pictures complete a very strong bill.

While I have not much enthusiasm to display, as a rule, over the modern trick of reproducing the Elizabethan drama in the crude manner which the lack of mechanical skill made it impossible to avoid in the sixteenth century, I amalways glad to see or read of productions of the English classics by competent actors who have a desire to give the public something for their money. The Elizabethan Stage reproducing half-forgotten masterpieces of the drama, and lately the Society has added to its laurels by presenting Marlowe's Dr. Faustus at the Court Theater, London While I hold to the belief that the play would have been much more effective had it been given the advantages of thoroughly modern stage equipment, the reading and acting were evidently of such a high order that one must be gratified to know that this grand tragedy was given even the fad production which it did receive, and which would have delighted the heart of Ben Greet—for it seems to have met with tremendous financial success. Of the performance the fact that one must be gratified to know that this grand tragedy was given even the fad production which it did receive, and which would have delighted the heart of Ben Greet—for it seems to have met with tremendous financial success. Of the performance the fact that one of these person-ment broke the terrible gravity of the symbolism, speaks to production which it did receive, and which would have delighted the heart of Ben Greet—for it seems to have met with tremendous financial success. Of the performance the fact that one of the sever-veiled face of the Evil One rather prevents In those human scenes between Faustus and Mephisto, however well became him and gave weight to his terrible words. In those human scenes between Faustus and Mephisto, however, this ever-veiled face of the Evil One rather prevents In those human scenes between Faustus and Mephisto, however, this ever-veiled face of the Evil One



MISS VERA CAMERON, with Cupid & Co. at the Princess next

dramatic consequences that follow, while it may anticipate the gifts of the divine Sarah for portraying just such excesses, does not call for the spiritual enlightenment and understanding that go into such a creation say as Magda. Indeed, in such qualities of enlightenment Magda is one of, the very great women of the stage at this moment, and Mrs. Campbell it was who created the part for us. Zoraya's spell is only for a day, but if Magda can ever fade from our mind we may as well pull down the curtains and shut out the chance light of any further inspiration.

Madame Réjane has returned to New York, notwithstanding that nine years ago she shook the dust of the city from her dainty French feet forever. But then, Bernhardt had also gone to Berlin in that time, and neither, I fancy, has yet repented her change of heart. Réjane may have had moments of such repentance in the opening play of her first night's programme, Amoureuse, when she found how little sympathy and response the piece evoked. But whatever she felt she did not betray it and moderated her gayety not at all. In the little piece that followed it, Lolotte, her reception was all she could have desired it to be, applause being frequent and generous.

The shock to an artist on finding in her audience a moral

The shock to an artist on finding in her audience a moral bias that cannot rise above its dumps and appreciate art in the simon pure, without reference to the pulpit box, must be very great. But such are the limitations she must expect in Anglo-Saxon audiences, be they encountered in England or America. This is precisely what happened in Amoureuse—that is all. Amoureuse-that is all.

Germaine, to repeat the story, is a loving loyal wife whose adoration, unfortunately, stands between her husband and his scientific pursuits. In the first act she lures him to and his scientistic pursuits. In the first act she tires him to give up a professional engagement that may cost his reputation. Not so Etienne's old mistress, who loyally held him up to his work. After eight years of such oppression, the result is a revolt from the "tyranny of love," and in his rage of self-recrimination he bids her even be false to him if she will, brutally naming an old adorer, who in the guise of fate at such moments always six so conveniently at the if she will, brutally naming an old adorer, who in the guise of fate at such moments always sits so conveniently at the French hearth. Everything ends satisfactorily with the husband repentant and peace restored, but not until the wife has taken her revenge, thereby introducing an element of seriousness, to say nothing of "male shock," that mars the effect of comedy to that extent. Etienne may have had his mistress, but for Germaine to seek consolation in her lover is intolerable! Strangely enough, that is when all our plays and literature become immoral—not before.

Réjane herself is the same keen, observant, clever exponent—perhaps the most talented exponent we have—of the comedy of manners. Happily her engagement so far has been a decided success, socially and artistically, and it would be less flattering to ourselves than to her if it had proved otherwise.

proved otherwise.

Renfield—So you think he is trying to accomplish too much in literature?

Merritt—Yes. He's trying to make a living at it.

The Scribe.

Bachelors don't do any more reflecting than married

men.

The only difference is that they dare to print their reflections, while a married man doesn't.



SUSPICIOUS. The Country (as he receives the two invitations to the political conventions): No Sir-ee, I ain't to be caught by none o' these slick bunco-men. I've heered o' them afore. I ain't no come-on.

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Just About Some Things.

The diary of my dear old college chum, the late Duke of Cambridge, is shortly to be published. But the Duke needn't smash the glass of his casket; nothing to interest the public will, in all likelihood, be permitted to appear in it until it has entered upon its third edition. If someone would only get hold of the "copy" that the editors are sure to put aside for use twenty years hence, and publish it, there would be some entertaining, if not elevating, reading for the holiday season.

Crawford—Did his lawyer tell Henpeck that he couldn't get a divorce?
Crabshaw—No; his wife did.

holiday season.

A Pretty Girl Paper.

always read the "Pretty Girl Papers" in The Ladies' Home Journal, that magazine which dear little Eddie Bok writes for his "million" sweathearts every month. I think the "Papers" are just too cute for anything—and so helpful! . . . There, I had to stop for a minute and pant. I am not sufficiently well trained as yet to be able to gush a whole sentence without waiting for a little breathing spell as soon as I'm through. I'm so awfully green at writing for girls that my breath persists in coming in short pants at first—until I get into the swing and get more atmosphere, as it were. Te-he-he-he-le! But, to take up what I intended to say:

In the latest issue of the dear Journal to hand I notice a "paper" in which girls are warned to stand outside of themselves and take a look over their shoulders. Of course we all know that it isn't so very difficult a trick for the modern girl to get outside of herself—at least, outside of most of herself—and to hang the various parts on the back of a chair; but what the writer in the Journal means is to get outside of her inner self and criticize her conduct and see if she is all that she thinks she is. The girl particularly referred to is the girl who earns her own chocolates and car tickets by keeping the dust removed from the keys of an office typewriter or from the receiver of a telephone.

"If you could only get the right perspective," says the Journal "and see yourself for once as others see you, on the morning after you have been to the theater, followed



"Spots float across her field of vision."

by a little supper"—oh, shame!—"I am sure the picture would be such an unpleasant one that you would not care to reproduce it. You come down to the office tired out, and showing it in every movement of your body and in your face. You had to get up in such a rush that you didn't have time to make yourself dainty, as you generally do, and you couldn't resist pinning on the bunch of violets that you had worn last night, although you couldn't help knowing that they were faded—and faded violets are not attractive"

ing that they were faded—and faded violets are not attractive."

And then the writer goes on to show the tragedy that follows the arrival at the office of the young lady's employer follows the arrival at the office of the young lady's employer follows. Pardon my weakness, but I had to stop for a minute to wipe my eyes—the whole subject is really too, too pitiful! The girl before going to the office forgot to look in the glass! Her face is old—she forgot to change it! She has no color! There are dark lines under her eyes! So its seem to float across the field of vision! And—oh, girls, listen—she has that awful sepia taste! Hark! The telephone bell rings! Mr. Cohn is wanted, but the poor strength over her jag, thinks the call is for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith is interrupted in the midst of an important conversation, when he had almost succeeded in skinning his customer in the most approved and delicate manner. But worse follows. The poor girl persists in writing her letters in shorthand on the typewriter, instead of in the ordinary way. She is too confused to remember that she should remove the receiver of the telephone from the hook before attempting to carry on a telephonic conversation, and when her employer points out her error she says:



"Settles herself in the waste-paper basket."

"Settles herself in the waste-paper basket."

"Chase yourself, sonny," and shouts improper imprecation into the receiver itself! Finally, she hangs her hat over the bell and settles herself in the waste-paper basket for the beauty-sleep out of which the theater and late supper cheated her the night before!

One moment. Let the sneak music be turned on before the curtain falls. . . . Big envelope. Two weeks' pay at once—three dollars and seventy-five cents! The girl wakens from her happy dream. The ambition of her life is gone beyond her reach—perhaps forever. She has been dismissed after years of toil in working herself to the point where she was drawing a dollar and eighty-seven and a half cents a week—notepaper and stamps found. . . . Home. Her two blind mothers and her widowed father are sitting on the from steps, waiting for her salary. As she opens the envelope there is a shout of joy—there is twice as much as usual! But, alt—my heart aches to have to tell it—there comes a cruel awakening. She has to confess that she has lost her job. Weeps are wept. The sixteen younger children cling to her dress and cry for bread. The mothers smile reproachfully and suggest that the only way the family can be supported now is by taking in a son-in-law—and the widowed father grinds his teeth and swears that he!! have to work himself the next thing he knows. Enough! Enough! Let us cat off the seene!

off the scene!

What girl can read this awful lesson without taking it to heart? Who can withhold pity from the unhappy heroing of dear Eddie Bok's latest play? The moral of the piece is c'ear. Let no one disregard it. Girls, you can't run a type-writer when you see things—and you can't go to the theater and have a wine supper after without seeing things.

A Toast.

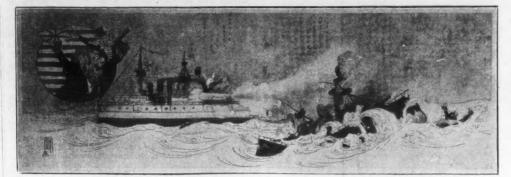
Let him who will drink to his love, Or pledge a friend in wine; A rousing toast I'll give to thee, O enemy of mine!

Pour forth the amber liquid; fill Your glasses to the brim; Here's to the man whose heart for me Bears naught but hatred grim!

How oft when steep ascents I climb Would I cast down my load, Did not his royal enmity My lagging footsteps goad!

So drink again! your bumpers raise
And gaily clink with me;
Here's to the man who hates me well—
Down with "Mine Enemy!"
RIANCES

BLANCHE GOODMAN.



The Opening of Hostilities-Young Japan (in the form of a White Rabbit) Sinks the Eagle's Man-of-war



The Rabbit pursues his Enemy on Land.



Peace-the Eagle and Badger restore the Chicken to the THE STORY OF THE WAR, BY A JAPANESE CARTOONIST.

A Pictorial Parody on a Japanese Fairy-Tale.

A Pictorial Parody on a Japanese Fairy-Tale.

HE story of the war between Russia and Japan, which is told in pictures by a Japanese cartoonist on this and the preceding page, is a parody on a popular Japanese fairy-tale, Kachi, Kachi Yarna, or "Victory, Victory Mountain."

The story tells how an old farmer caught and took home a badger that had been stealing his dinner. Asking his wife to kill the animal for soup, he went off to his work as usual, but during his absence the badger beguiled turn to help her with the housework. Instead of doing so, however, he killed her as soon as he was untied, and assuming her shape he made her into soup, with which he greeted the old man on his return. Just as the latter began to eat, the badger resumed his true form, and telling what he had done he ran away, leaving the old man broken-hearted.

Now near by lived a very wily rabbit. He did his best to comfort his unhappy neighbor, and promised to avenge the death of the old woman. By one trick after another he fulfilled his promise most successfully. He persuaded the badger to carry some dry grass for him, and then set fire to it. The badger, suifering greatly from his burns, was then induced to buy some sticking-plaster consisting principally of red pepper. A little later, having recovered from these two adventures, he strolled along by the sea-shore, and ran across Brer Rabbit building a fishing-boat. The prospect of being able to catch fish spurred him on to follow the rabbit's example, but being a lazy fellow he built his boat of clay. When all was ready the two set out to sea in their respective crafts, but the badger's boat soon began to fill, and as it was sinking the rabbit came up and hit the wicked badger a deadly blow with his oar.

The pictorial parody on this fable opens with the Farmer (Old Japan) returning from work. He sees an Egg (Korea) lying on the ground and a large Serpent (China) about to swallow it. He pursues and kills the Serpent, and takes the Egg home to hatch it. The old couple look with admiration

The pictorial parody on this fable opens with the Farmer (Old Japan) returning from work. He sees an Egg (Korea) lying on the ground and a large Serpent (China) about to swallow it. He pursues and kills the Serpent, and takes the Egg home to hatch it. The old couple look with admiration on the Chicken as it emerges from the Egg. But trouble is brewing, for in at the window peers the Badger rushes off to suggest that the Russian Eagle should come and have a look at this fine young bird.

"He might not make a bad meal for you," he whispers. The Eagle pounces on the unhappy Chicken and carries him off screaming. Fortunately, Young Japan, in the shape of a white Rabbit, is on hand, and promises revenge. This is followed by the opening of hostilities, and we see the Badger's battle-ship disappearing beneath the waves, sunk by a well-directed torpedo from the Japanese vessel. England and America, much clated by the victory, are cheering the victor on. The war is also carried through victoriously on land.

In the final tableau peace is restored. The Eagle and the Badger, weeping bitterly, apologize for their misdeeds, and return the Chicken to the Farmer in a cage. By his side sits the Rabbit. The Chicken seems to be delighted to be at home again under the protection of his faithful rescuer, and in the background the Rising Sun signifies his approval of the situation by a beaming smile.

What the Russian Admiral Saw

I thought I saw a porpoise roll

I thought I saw a fishing fleet

Local News.

[From the Rome (Italy) Tribune.]

I thought I saw a jelly-fish Adrift upon the brine.
I looked again, and found it was A wicked floating mine.
"There's Togo somewhere near," said I, "And this is his design."

I thought I saw my Fleet approach,
Their plaudits to accord.
I looked again, and found it was
Lord Charlie Beresford!
"Well, no," said I, "upon the whole,
I do not think I've scored!"

MIL

Ted—Would you marry a girl who was worth her reight in gold?

Ned—That would depend on how fat she was.

(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

Upon the ocean green.

I looked again, and found it was
An ugly submarine.
"A dose of six-inch shell," I said,
"Will settle that machine!"

Bearing sou'-west by sou'.

I looked again, and saw the Japs
Upon my starboard bow.

"Just sink the lot of them," I said,

"And never mind the row!"

Ned—That would depend on how fat she was.

Rev. Dr. Wild is continuing to demonstrate that all a preacher need do in order that he may draw crowded houses to hear him is to charge an admission fee—they call it "silver collection at the door."—and to say something a little bit different. Massey Hall was again crowded on Sunday last to hear the worthy doctor explain what he did not know about Anna Eva Fay and her fiim-flam games. It is quite evident that Dr. Wild knows quite as much about Miss Fay as do the people who gave that person their money for deceiving them. Though he does not believe that she possesses any supernatural power, he holds to the belief that she is a human magnet. She is evidently a magnet which has a strong attraction for other people's silver. Her show is all right. It is as legitimate as the performances given by any Indian fakir—quite. She entertains—and the people are willing to pay for the amusement. There is nothing very startling or unusual in this. He rprophecies that have ever been made. Dr. Wild, if I mistake not, himself indulges in a mental flight along prophetic lines occasionally. It is scarcely in accordance with the ethics of the "learned professions" for one learned member to denounce the methods of another in the same line of business Dr. Wild should be above petty jealousy. Why should he criticize Miss Fay? There is room in the world for both him and his competitor. The intelligent public of this country is enormous and—well, there is one born every minute. "Timmins is absolutely the most wonderful married man I know" said Barlow.
"As to how?" asked Mullins.
"He calls his wife's mother his mama-in-law."

"He calls his wife's mother his mama-in-law."

It is altogether too bad that the newspapers cannot dig up something that will give their readers a good shock. It is tiresome to be forced to attempt to work one's interest up to a point of excitement over the latest "Port Arthur Fallen" lie. I am not a war expert. I do not even pretend that I know much more about the art of war than do the Japanese and Russian generals. But of one thing I feel certain: modern forts are not constructed in a way calculated to provide for their sudden fall as soon as the enemy comes within range. The Associated Liar would have us believe that the great fortress is tumbling every minute. The other day it sent out several columns of guff about its wonderful enterprise in collecting seven or eight other columns of "sews," two or three months old, about the situation of the Tiger's tail. This was the most obvious kind of trick to make people believe that the war is being reported, when everyone should know that scarcely a reliable item from the front ever reaches Canada—and if it does arrive, it doesn't come over the Associated Liar's wires.

Crawford-Newrich seems to be watching his servants all the time.

Crabshaw—Yes. He's trying to learn how to act when

General Hutton has been telling the Australians once more how impossible it is for them to know anything about their own affairs. Strange, isn't it, how much these Englishmen are able to find out about a country within a few months of locating it on the map!

"Was his death unexpected?"
"Well, no. He had recently purchased an auto."

Mr. E. Gus Porter, M.P., is bringing actions against certain Belleville newspaper men because they are alleged to have circulated a dodger bearing the seductive title. Porter's Lie. Things are coming to a pretty pass in this country if one is no longer to be permitted to call a politician a liar without having to run the risk of bringing a criminal action down on one's head.

-and waits

A report from Rio Janeiro states that the latest revolution has been crushed. South America will yet make a tremendous fortune out of her new industry. The extract of crushed revolution will in the near future find a ready market throughout the h(as) northern world. It is said to be most exhibitent administration. a most exhilarating elixir.

Shylock—I'll have my pound of flesh.
Antonio—Go ahead, old man; the doctor says I've got to reduce my weight.

Ottawa has asked the Ontario Legislature for \$6,000 as a contribution to assist it with its Fat Stock Show. Presenting such a request is certainly conclusive evidence that Ottawa has a number of animals which, in their natural condition, are famous for their fat.

"Behind the times." expresses pat My sorry case. This last year's hat And shabby coat the fact betray. Her father frewns, and well he may— My pocketbook is lean and flat.

This hustling age I can't combat;
Its fleeting fames, its fortunes fat
Flude my grasp. I'm doomed to stay
Behind the times.

But there's a game of tit-for-tat;
I'm up to date, at least, in that.
The world may run its whirling way
For all o' me, since yesterday
I kissed her while her father sat
Behind the Times.
JENNE BETTS HARTSWICK.



NERVOUS WORK AT THE HAGUE. The Peaceful Arbitrators: Sh! Sh! Sh! For Heave For Heaven's sake don't fight

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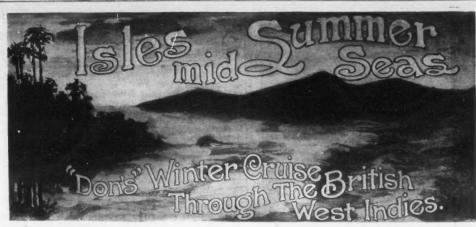
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One Demerara Boarding-House

rooms are by no means less comfortable than our bedrooms are at home on a sultry night. After lingering at Trinidad for a day we sailed with the Dahome northward as far as Grenada, where we bade good-bye to the party of tourists on February 19, a little less than four weeks after leaving Halifax, during which a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent. The Dahome was due in St. John, N.B., on March 6—about forty days being allowed for the round trip. Grenada has already been sufficiently described, but an additional week spent there, during which we saw the Mardi-Gras performance, we found very pleasant. When the colored people of Grenada go in for a day's fun the hilarity is unbounded, the costumes brilliant, and the make-ups exceedingly grotesque. This festival is by no means the carnival that it used to be. If tradition does not grossly exaggerate, it was, not many years ago, nothing less than a saturnalia of which even the better class of colored people are growing ashamed.

Taking an auxiliary steamer of the Roval Mail Line

which even the better class of colored people are growing ashamed.

Taking an auxiliary steamer of the Royal Mail Line back to Trinidad we found a very clean and comfortable boat, which is one of a number radiating from Barbados and Trinidad and serving the islands with the British mail. The subsidies paid the Royal Mail by Great Britain should be expended in conjunction with that which Canada pays to Pickford & Black, and the best possible service for the islands secured by a rearrangement of routes and dates. At present the Canadian part of the subsidy seems to be the only section of it and of the island contributions which can be said to be reasonably well placed. If the whole amounts were handled to get the most frequent service possible it would not only make the periods between letters less extended, but would ensure the more frequent calls of steamers at the various ports. The service now is scant; each island appears to endeavor to delay the visiting steamers as leng as possible, apparently thinking to obtain an advantage by that preposterous method. For instance, though in going south the Dahome found Barbados in a state of quarantine, yet the steamer was compelled to remain for three days, as stipulated in the contract with the island government. Sometimes the visiting steamers require that length of time in the busy seasons, for loading and unloading, but to have a period, so extended, insisted upon the year round, is preposterous. If the is-



extended, insisted upon the year round, is pre-posterous. If the is-lands were confeder-ated for postal pur-poses alone many ad-vantages would be

Before leaving Demerara a little party of us made a tour of the shops and the newspaper offices, and found them interesting. The newspapers seemed particularly well conducted and are rather profitable enterprises considering the opportunities for circulation and advertising where a limited population is largely made up of blacks and coolies. The shops are not as large as those of Trinidad, but the goods are exceedingly cheap, and some of them unusual. Nothing is done quite as we do things in Canada—it is the fashion to be old-fashioned. At our boarding-house the two aged spinsters who conducted the business appeared to spenther days and nights shut up in a part of the house by themselves, taking apparently less interest in what was going on than did the lodgers. When settling our bills before leaving we were permitted to visit the apartment of the gentle old spinsters, who accepted our money apologetically, as if it really hurt their feelings to be sufficiently inhospitable to receive pay for what we had had. Though the weather was hot they wore silk mits, and though old, these ladies dismissed each guest with a very courteous and elaborate bow, difficult to rheumatics but necessary to those of the old regime.

The section of three days consumed by the trip back to Trinidad may be set down as warm, but if one is fortunate enough to get on the breezy side of the vessel the state.

The voyage from Trinidad and Jamaica was uneventful, the one downtown is good enough. Its grounds are washed by the trip back to Trinidad and may be set down as warm, but if one is fortunate enough to get on the breezy side of the vessel the state.

The voyage from Trinidad all Jamaica was uneventful, and the propole of suits of woolen and propole of the propole of suits of woolen and propole of the propole of suits of woolen and propole of the propole of suits of woolen and propole of the propole of suits of the propole of the prop

Across the island at Port Antonio the Fruit Trust, which has a fleet of fifty or sixty steamers plying to various sections of the semi-tropics, has established a large hotel, which, like the steamers, is run on the temperance plan. The accommodation is reasonably good, but if the English are a little hard to stand as traveling companions the loud-talking and assertive citizens of the United States when they congregate in one of their own hotels in a foreign country are considerably less congenial. Canadians will find the English hotel system much more to their liking, the amusements, conversation and sports more pleasing.

Next to Cuba, Jamaica is the largest island of the West Indies. It has an area of 4193 square miles, the cays be-



in sickness and want, de-serted by Ovando, the Gov-ernor of Hispaniola, hi-own men in mutiny against

marriage with the niece of the Duke of Alva, forced the King to recognize his claims to the extent of going out to Hispaniola as governor. Spain, of course, played a double game with him. It is a long story, but it gives Jamaica a special historical interest; and the acquisition of this great to adapt their markets and politics in view of a confederation of some sort.

This series of articles has been plenty long enough, and from Kingston I shall not ask you to follow the conclusion

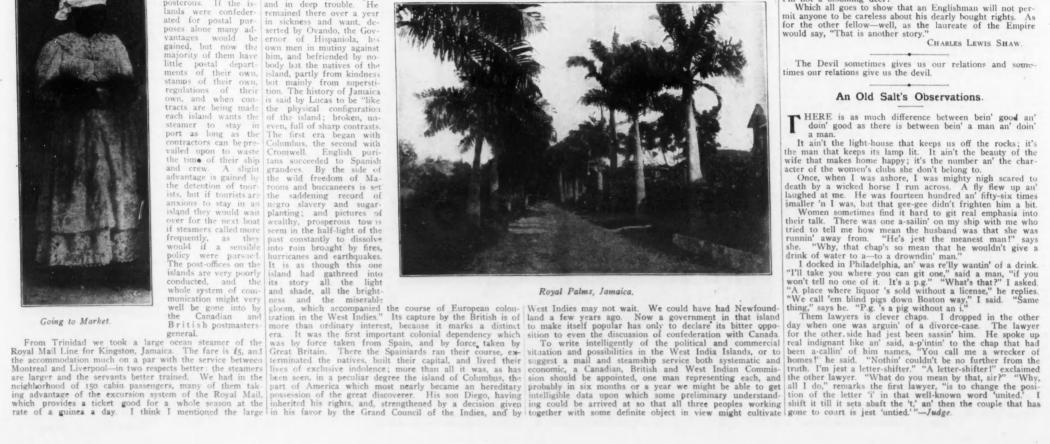
island, unimportant then, seemed to have transferred the birthright of the family of Columbus to the English-speaking race.

In an island where there was space for a Blue Mountain range, the historian points out, there was space also for that freedom which mountain districts keep for native races; hence the history of Jamaica is more varied and interesting than that of the smaller colonies, and no other British island in the West Indies owns a story parallel to that of the Maroons. Futhermore, few disturbances so limited in time, extent, and results, ever gave rise to such searchings of heart as the so-called Jamaica negro rebellion of 1865. It was confined to the Morant Bay district, in the southeast of the island; it was suppressed in a few days, but it roused in England a long-standing and bitter controversy as to the swift and crushing measures adopted by Governor Eyre under the cover of martial law. Some Englishmen, like John Stuart Mill, saw in what was done harsh and unfair treatment of colored men, because they were colored: others, like Carlyle, saw in the promptness and severity of the Governor the preservation of public peace, of life and property. A man named Douglas—I am not sure of the name—an educated, high-minded and emotional chap, had been preaching to the black people, whose blood he shared, of equal rights with the white men, better treatment, proper representation in parliament, and all those things which are admittedly part of the heritage of freemen. ment, proper representation in parliament, and all those things which are admittedly part of the heritage of freemen, but he appears to have been misunderstood if he meant nothing more than to excite their ambition and better their status by education and improved conditions. Generally it is thought that this leader meant well and had no inten-



Native Driving Three Mules.

tion of instigating a massacre. The conspiracy got out of his hands, and the blacks had arranged to kill all the white men in the island, divide up their property and apportion the white women amongst them. The negroes of the Morant Bay district rose prematurely, began the killing before the blacks of the island were organized; Governor Eyre heard of it, marched with troops from Kingston some thirty or forty miles distant, killed all the blacks without reference, it is said, to age or sex, and stamped out the insurgation.



marriage with the niece of the Duke of Alva, forced the the sentiment necessary to keep the West Indians from grow-

to adapt their markets and politics in view of a confederation of some sort.

This series of articles has been plenty long enough, and from Kingston I shall not ask you to follow the conclusion of the trip by way of Turk's Island and Bermuda back to Halifax, on the Beta, Pickford & Black's steamer, which is alone on that route, and is a good little ship with a captain who is an ideal kindly "old salt." To those who contemplate a winter in the West Indies, or even a trip there, I would suggest the one I have so crudely described as being much better than a mere jaunt to Bermuda, the Bahamas, or even to Jamaica. After a couple of weeks in one island it grows monotonous, and the benefit to those seeking health is not so marked in the majority of cases, except where absolute rest is required, as when there is an almost continual change of what the doctors call "scene and circumstance." Don. of what the doctors call "scene and circumstance."

It Depends.

N these days when wars over-lap each other and we absorb with our matutinal coffee scare-head announcements of battle, murder, and the sudden death of thouments of battle, murder, and the sudden death of thousands, we are getting accustomed to the idea of being under fire. Nobody swings his head nowadays even in peace-loving Canada when a be-medalled man passes y. The Knights of Pythias and uniformed knights in general re thinking of giving up medal-wearing as common. When is considered that there are over five million men in this rosaic world who are entitled to wear medals for being on campaign, there doesn't seem to be anything especially exlusive about it.

There is only one medal, I think, I really deserve for being mider fire, and that will never be presented to me. It is the niddle of the open season for deer, so the tale is timely as

under fire, and that will never be presented to me. It is the middle of the open season for deer, so the tale is timely as to what it feels like.

If you are extremely anxious to know what feelings are conjured up by bullets whistling around your ears, never bother waiting for international complications with Russia or until Colonel Denison has goaded the United States into re-

bother waiting for international complications with Russia or until Colonel Denison has goaded the United States into reprisals; ask an ardent young subscriber to a sportsman's magazine or an Englishman who harbors a resentment against Canada because wolves do not gnaw his ankles at the corner of King and Yonge streets and grizzly bears haunt the mountainous regions of Crescent road, Rosedale—ask him to go for a week's deer shooting up north. You will know what it feels like before you come back, or you won't know anything if he is much of a rifle shot. I did.

Why on earth we brought Itim along with us cannot be explained, except on the ground that our absorption of English novels had persuaded us that a man who wore checked tweeds all the time, knickerbockers on all possible and impossible occasions, fore-and-aft caps, carried a hunting-crop and seemed lonesome without a fox-terrier and a half-bred bull-dog at his heels, must be a sportsman. All the English novels insisted on these as requisites of the sportsman. And we had heard that boastfulness was confined to this continent. We were too inexperienced to know that liars have a habit of pledging their honor.

We had three days with the dogs, but with the luck that seems to haunt a hunting party at times the deer had invariably taken to a distant lake and we had sat ruefully and shiveringly on runway and in canoe listening to the fast dwindling echoes of our hounds as the quarry found safety in the unguarded waters. We then tried still-hunting. We tried it for one day only. By this time we were beginning to understand that it would be safer to leave our smoking-room betweeded sportsman in camp to rim cartridges for feathered game. But he seemed lost without his fox-terrier and half-bred bull, and we let him join us.

Before us there was a mountainous stretch of pine brakes, which, with its succulent young grasses fertilized by the ashes of the fires that had passed through it, looked a likely place for the far-scented, nimble-footed game we were after, and i

for the far-scented, nimble-footed game we were after, and in the grey dawn we left camp, spreading out fan-like to cover what was believed to be the feeding ground of that district. Algernon—let us—oh let us call him for once Algernon, although it was not his name—was to provide the stick of the fan next to me.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning when he opened fire. We were in the heart of the best part of the brûlee and deer signs were plentiful, and I had done the last two hundred yards on my stomach or my hands and knees.

"Just my confounded luck," I muttered when I heard his first shot about three hundred yards away; "nothing for me to-day."

Iturned over on my back. There was the unmistakable sign of a fresh splashed bullet mark on the rock about three feet above my head. I raised myself a little to examine its freshness, and there was another shot. This one was about seven feet off to the right, but the correct elevation. And I crowded myself close to the hard ground and said a lot of things. I knew the best thing to do was to jump up and wave my arms and do other undeerlike things, but I also knew Algernon might have thought that Canadian deer occasionally go around dressed in newspaper men's clothes. I placed my Tam-o'-Shanter on the muzzle of my rifle and slowly waved it. That provoked a fusillade. Algernon seemed to be under the impression that the red deer of Canserment of the contraction of th sionally go around dressed in newspaper men's clothes. I placed my Tam-o'-Shanter on the muzzle of my rifle and slowly waved it. That provoked a fusillade. Algernon seemed to be under the impression that the red deer of Canada went around with a seedy Scotch bonnet perched coquettishly on an elongated black antler. I yelled, but a stiff breeze was blowing from him. I said a lot of things in a powerful voice that the printers would refuse to print, which Algernon apparently thought was the musical call of the deer to his mate, for he let me have another volley. I clung closer and closer to mother earth. I felt if I rose to my feet that there would be more exposure and that Algernon would be believe that deer were in the habit of waltzing around on their hind legs. Every movement towards rising provoked another shot. I tried to calculate how many cartridges he had left. I estimated that he had five. The next shot came within three feet of my head, and I aimed my rifle in his direction, lying awkwardly at full length. Taking close aim with a lean shot I struck a stone about ten feet from him. As the splinters flew Algernon rose to his feet and in an aggrieved voice yelled, "I say. Be careful. Can't you see I'm not a blooming deer?"

Which all goes to show that an Englishman will not permit anyone to be careless about his dearly bought rights. As for the other fellow—well, as the laureate of the Empire would say, "That is another story."

for the other fellow—wen, as would say, "That is another story."

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW



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By JAMES A. TUCKER, B. A.

With an introductory memoir by Arthur Stringer

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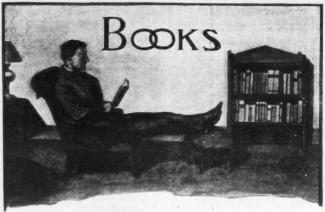
"Toronto Saturday Night"

HEY are our best circulators. It provides them with pocket-money -frequently with a means of support, help towards an education, or the foundation of a start in business.

You may not be a boy, but you may know some boy who would like to profit by this opportunity. Tell him to apply for an agency for "Toronto Saturday Night."

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TorontoSaturday Night"



" Marcello's Regina."

ARION CRAWFORD has laid the scenes of his latest novel, Whosoever Shall Offend, in and about Rome; and this is as it should be, for of no other place has he been able to weave romances so fascinating.

The william of the story arrives upon where she was a serving-maid where she was a serving-maid.

has he been able to weave romances so fascinating.

The villain of the story arrives upon the scene immediately after the rising of the curtain. A refined villain he is—one Falco Corbario, a man of twenty-six, who is married to a widow nine years his senior. The widow, needless to say, has money. Her son, Marcello Consalvi, who had lost his father when a child. forms a great attachment for his mother's new husband, and him he ordeavors to imitate with all the enthusiasm of any young hero-worshipper. This attachment grows into a calamity, seeing that Corbario is far from being a fit subject for the headline of a copy-book, and that he resolves to put the lad out of the way when he learns that his loving and unsuspecting spouse has willed that her great wealth shall revert to himself in the event of the death of her son.

Marcello is a delicate youth, too much loved, perhaps, and too carefully nurtured by a fond mother, who "wished her son to be a man at all points, and yet dreamed that he might remain a sort of glorified young girl; she desired him to be well prepared to face the world when he grew up, and yet it was her dearest wish that he might never know anything of the world's wickedness."

Corbario first poisons his wife, and then attempts to kill his stepson by a

anything of the world's wickedness."

Corbario first poisons his wife, and then attempts to kill his stepson by a biow on the head with a club. He thinks he has succeeded, but the boy turns up later, alive, but with no health to brag of, and a portion of his memory missing. He could recall nothing after a walk with his seventeen-year-old sweetheart—Aurora dell'Armi—upon the Roman shore. During that walk along the cliffs they had a childish quarrel. Just to prove her undying devotion for him, doubtless, she teased him, and called him a "baby," adding that he ought to be among men by this time instead of everlastingly at home clinging to his mother's skirts!

The reader can easily see that this

The reader can easily see that this young man had dire cause for righteous wrath, and he did what any other well brought up and self-respecting youth would have done, in his place. He retaliated, calling her a detestable little flirt, or something equally palatable for maiden throat to swallow.

maiden throat to swallow.

"You will lead men on, and play with them and then laugh at them. But you shall not laugh at me again. You shall not have that satisfaction! You shall wish me back, but I will not come, not if you break your silly little heart!"

A stripling does feel to be such a man when indulging in heroics of that kind, and probably that was the most exalted moment of Marcello's life. He hoped Aurora felt properly crushed.

As she really was at heart a very

As she really was at heart a very gentle creature, and was only following out her woman's nature—as the author indicates—she was "properly crushed." Especially when it was afterwards learned that her lover had disappeared, had perhaps been murdered, or at the

where she was a serving-maid

where she was a serving-maid.

Regina was a beautiful peasant, strong, vital, and good—that is, good in the best way she knew, in that she was ready to give her young life for any one she loved. Her early years had been shadowed by the hardness, the cruelty, and the badness of others, yet she ever worked cheerfully in the face of all; and when this delicate, gentle boy chanced to fall under her care, the first kind or even responsive being she had and when this delicate, gentle boy chanced to fall under her care, the first kind or even responsive being she had ever met, the lavish, pent-up love of her rich nature fairly overflowed from her heart. She nursed him, day after day and week after week, stole eggs and wine for him, when her mistress would have killed him with beans, and patiently coaxed him back to life with a thousand little tendernesses.

ittle tendernesses.
All this time, Marcello, physically, mentally and morally weak, allowed himself to be revived and cared for by Regina, and as he had, without any effort on his own part, attained what some men would have considered a convenient memory, the early affair with Aurora was almost entirely forgotten. At least, it did not appear against him on the slate to prick his vanishing conscience.

So the days passed; and the constant care, and the thought, and the work, and the sacrifice for another, made Regina develop into the finest, fullest, best character in the book, notwithstanding the fact that she was—as all the Roman world knew—Marcello's Regina. But Aurora is to be reckoned with, and here the author proves himself incapable.

Compared with the human, loving, life-giving woman known as Regina, Aurora is only a painted picture, and a water-color at that, a joyless, lifeless, bloodless girl; and so the reader remains doggedly unconvinced that there is any justice in the fate which quietly shows.

bloodless girl; and so the reader remains doggedly unconvinced that there is any justice in the fate which quietly shoves Regina off the checker-board, and caps Aurora queen of the game. Not that there could be any great glory or gladness in becoming the wife of a namby-pamby character such as Marcello, but at least two women seem to esteem it such; and, after all, it is not what people ought to want, but what they think they do want, that counts, when the game of life moves along.

But the author is simply "stuck." He does not know what to do with Aurora if Regina continues to make such rapid headway in the reader's heart and judgment. So, in a fit of cowardly weakness, he "kills off" Regina with pernicious fever. At this the onlookers, thoroughly aroused, raise a howl of resentment, knowing that, were it not for Mr. Crawford's inability, Regina would have lived, and worked out a better, brighter future for herself; and as for Marcello, she might even have made a man of him, in time.

The book is published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Co. The illustrations are poor, and not even pretty.

Dick Turpin Up-to-Date.

SGOODE Hall; Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar, by James Cleland Hamilton, reached us several weeks ago, but was unfortunately mislaid, for which misdemeanor our apologies go to the publishers. Messrs. Carswell Company.

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its formation and the periods during which they held office are as follows":—
And, true to his word, the author adds a list of names and dates which occupy a page and a half—and the pages are large; and so on with the various other officers of the Law Society.

Then a list of the oil portraits hanging upon the walls of Osgoode Hall, is given, with, in many cases, the name of the painter, and a summary story of his—the artist's—life. The interior of the Hall is otherwise minutely described, accompanied by a "block plan," like the newspaper sketches after a murder, showing the exact spot where the tragedy occurred. In this plan of the Hall, the "Boiler Room," "Shed," and "Janitor's House" have not been overlooked.

And Mr. McGaffey proceeds:

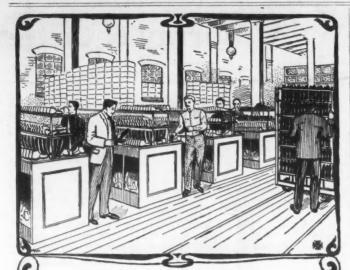
"The majority of American writers, both men and women, have been strictly bourgeois. They have gone with the tide. They have worshipped at the shrine of convention, and have been sticklers for form and respectability. They have rebelled at nothing, always upholding Church and State. They have been fairly comfortable in the way of worldly goods and not above the mania of wanting to own things. They have been placid, passionless, and eminently repectable. And certainly they have succeeded in being singularly mediocre. They are as harmless as pap, and about as virile. They never sinned, suffered, nor repented. They were not for an age nor for all time. Motes in the sunlight, they faded. In the interest of art THE Motor Pirate, by G. Sidney Paternoster, comes from Large represented as taking place because of the paternoster, comes from Large cover is ferce—no other adjective is so fit—and a glance at the masked Pirate seated upon his metal steed of red and black would serve to keen the bravest child awade of nights, is a thrilling, delightfully impossible, swiftly morning detective story, told in the first person, by one of the select few permitted to be "in a the death," when the Motor Pirate is hounded to his destruction.

The Pirate perfected an automobile fact and the work of the server of the large and a button.

The Pirate perfected an automobile fact and the work of the server of the large and the policy of the Bouler Rom, "State the large and a button.

The Pirate perfected an automobile fact and for the server of the large and the policy of the Bouler Rom," and this world machine, with the most policy of the Bouler Rom, and the server of the large and the policy of the Bouler Rom, and the policy of the server of the large space when the Motor Pirate is hounded to be "in at the death," when the Motor Pirate is hounded to be in a the death," when the Motor Pirate is hounded to be an automobile fact and the server of the large and the policy of the Bouler Rom, and the policy of the server of the large and the policy of the Bouler Rom, and the p

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Tolstoy's Table Talk.

HE Paris correspondent of London Truth—one of he best-informed and enterta-1-ing correspondents in Euro e—in writing of M. Georges Bourdon's sketch of Tolstoy, reveals some of the famous Russian author's "peculiar" notions concerning things on which the world at large has leng since made up its mird—and, it is scarcely necessary to say, the opinion of the world is not in harmony with the opinion of Count Tolstoy. The correspondent says:

"All that M. Georges Bourdon needs in order to rank as the Boswell of Tolstoy is to have lived at his side for years and to have gone with him on a long and rough excursion. A visit of a fortnight at Yasnaia Poliana does not a fortnight at Yasn

Anecdotal.

"In course of a Southern tour," said John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "I attended church one Sunday morning in a quaint little wooden meeting-house where the pews were of unpainted pine boards. The minister was a good man, a sincere walk adversary man, but he The minister was a good man, a sincere man, a really eloquent man; but he had an unfortunate habit of bellowing. He bellowed like a bull. His voice shook the rafters. The sound overwhelmed the sense, and it was often impossible, for very noise, to get at the man's meaning. He was especially loud during the prayer. I never heard such an uproar as filled the little building while this Southern minister prayed. After he was through, a little girl on my left gave a sigh of relief, and I heard her whisper to her father: 'Father, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?' "

Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) tells of a dog that travels with his shows, that is the most ill-tempered beast in the world. He has good reasons for his ugliness, according to what the narrator says: "He sleeps in the ticket wagon. Now every night before he is shut up the ticket-seller gives him a bone, which he promptly conceals in a hole dug beneath the wagon. Then he goes to bed, and failing to realize that almost every night his house is shifted over the road, he can't understand why the morning's search for the bone is futile. Then he's mad. He thinks some one has stolen it, and it isn't safe to go near him for several hours. Sometimes we stop several days in a place, and then, of course, he finds the bone, and it's just enough incentive to keep him digging holes. He's planted bones all over this country and the greater part of Europe, and has lost 99 out of every 100."

"Your magazine is a good deal like the Literary Digest, isn't it?" asked a young woman who was dining with W. G. Bowdoin, one of the editors of the Independent. Mr. Bowdoin drew kimself up proudly. "Not in the least," said he. Then he explained, "The Literary Digest quotes what people say, but we say what people quote."

A Scotch doctor who was attending a laird had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and rethe house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning, he was met by the butler, to whom he said: "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day." The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysel." Ye see, he died at twal o'clock."

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ISS HOPE MORGAN has city, after a two years' returned to her native residence in England, a well equipped, accomplished artiste, with a worker and varied masical charm. She has, moreover, acquired inished control of her voice whether in the bri liant floridity of the conventional Italian aria, or the expressive changes of tone quality in an unadorned melody. This was the conclusion arrived at after hearing her at her recital in Massey Hall on Monday night by the large gathering of friends and the general public who greeted her on that occasion. I do not think that the audience expected to be so agreeably surprised; they probably anticipated hearing respectable singing, but not distinction of voice, style and interpretation. It is to be regretted that Toronto does not offer sufficiently substantial inducements to a singer of her rank to justify her remaining at home. In any case, I fancy she will once more cross over to Europe. ISS HOPE MORGAN has maining at home. In any case, I fancy she will once more cross over to Europe. Miss Morgan won a critical triumph with her first number, the Regnava nel Silenzio from Lucia di Lammermoor, an excerpt which not only afforded opportunity to display her art in the cantilena, but also flexibility of vocalization in the cadenzas and the closing cavifinetta. In the groups of small numbers which she subsequently offered she was specially happy in expressing a variety of moo is and emotion and rendering them with dignity and simplicity of feeling. Miss and emotion and rendering them with dignity and simplicity of feeling. Miss Morgan had for assistants Herr Hans Dressel, violoncellist, and Dr. Hans Harthan, pianist. These gentlemen undertook to play together the first movement of Mendelssohn's duo sonata movement of Mendelssohn's duo sonata in B flat. Owing to want of judgment on the part of the pianist, who had the lid of his instrument full up, and who, moreover, played with great aggressiveness in parts where he had merely to accompany, the duo became for the most part a solo with some indistinct muttering from the 'cello by way of obligato. To borrow a sporting phrase, the 'cellist was knocked out in the first round—that is, in the first half of the movement, and became a negligible quantity. Later in the evening Mr. Dressel proved that he could play the 'cello with a sweet singing tone, and possessed executive ability of a high order. The pianist contributed several solos with brilliancy of technique, alorder. The pianist contributed several solos with brilliancy of technique, although even in these his tone sounded often very hard. Mrs. Blight and Mr. Flint played the accompaniments during the evening with good judgment. I understand that Miss Hope Morgan has been engaged as solo vocalist at the Ysaye concert on Monday evening next.

The New York Tribune critic, after hearing the British Grenadiers' band, is of opinion that in quality of tone from the different choirs they are not equal to the band of the Garde Republicaine, but concedes that in precision of execution they are superior to the Frenchmen.

The first of the Gourlay, Winter & Leeming soirées musicales, which was given on Thursday evening of last week in the banquet hall of the King Edward Hotel, scored a decided success. Although Wagner's opera, Tannhauser, was being sung at the Princess Theater, the room was crowded by a select audience of critical music-lovers. The occasion was noteworthy, specially for the first appearance here since his return from Germany of Mr. Harry M. Field, after an absence of seven years. It is safe to say that Mr. Field made a profound impression. His playing of an exacting and diversified programme demonstrated that since he left Toronto he has made a broad advance not only The first of the Gourlay, Winter & In the banquet hall of the King Edward Hotel, scored a decided success. Al though Wagner's opera, Tannhauser, was being sung at the Princess Theater, the room was crowded by a select audience of critical music-lovers. The occasion was noteworthy, specially for the first appearance here since his return from Germany of Mr. Harry M. Field, after an absence of seven years. It is safe to say that Mr. Field made a profound impression. His playing of an exacting and diversified programme demonstrated that since he left Toronto he has made a broad advance not only as mere pianist, bus as reflective interpreter whose temperament is governed by ripeness of feeling and maturity of udgment, and who consequently neither abandons himself to hectic sentimentality, nor bizarre and spasmodic passion. All his readings are dictated by thorough conscientiousness, and one acknowledges when hearing him that he would not give way to any temptation of mere tricious effect to win a momentary and unthinking verdict. His opening numbers were Mendelssohn's Capriccio in bers were Mendelssohn's Capriccio in E. minor, op. 16, Mozart's Rondo in A. minor, and Weber's Scherzo from the Sonata in A flat; his second group, four numbers by Chopin, including the Bercuse, op. 57, and Sapelnikoff's Valse in E. flat; his third group, four numbers by Schumaun, Schubert-Liszt, Rubinstein-Siloti, and his own Mazurka in B. flat; and his final contribution, three numbers by Liszt, of which the Venezia e Napoli was one. Mr. Field interpreted these compositions of such widely different style with a fidelity and appropriatethese compositions of such widely different style with a fidelity and appropriateness that afforded a measure of his versatility, eclectic taste and broad sympathy. The Rubinstein-Siloti work, a transcription from the ballet musi-Demon, was a dazzling tour de Mr. Field's Mazurka was found very attractive in gracefulness, and made a most favorable impression. The other artists were Mrs. Russell Duncan, soprano, whose pleasing voice and finished style were effectively revealed in her selection, and Mr. Arthur Blight, who, in two appealing songs by Chadwick, and in Beethoven's immortal love song, debuild some with his large and in Beethoven's immortal love song. Adelaida, sang with his accustomed power, mellow vibrancy of voice, and warmth of expression. The second soirée is announced for December 1, when Mr. Tripp, pianist; Mrs. Walter R birson, contralto, and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor, will be the artists

As was predicted in these columns, the Savage Opera Company received so liberal a patronage last week that the Princess Theater was sold out at nearly every performance—the total receipts amounting to close upon \$13,000—a result which will no doubt encourage the company to pay us a second visit next year. The Friday evening offering was Puccini's La Bohème, a musical setting in light opèra comique style of several



AN ITALIAN CARICATURE OF YSAYE.

scenes taken from Henri Murger's novel, La vie de Bohème. The large audience was somewhat disappointed with the opera. The music is mostly pretty and vivacious, but the composer could not rise to great heights with a story that has absolutely no plot and only one little pathetic incident, namely, the death of Mimi, the mistress of one of the four Bohemians of the Quartier Latin in Paris, to whose straggles for a livelihood the book is devoted. Certainly Missis. Sheehan, Bennett, Goff and Boyle represented the four Bohemians with a comedy talent that one did not suspect they possessed, but this ment did not compensate for the lack of consense and continuity in the work. Missis Rennyson, as Mimi, a rather coloriess character sang, as usual, with much purity and charm, and Miss Ivell, who had a very lively role as Missetta, the love of another of the Bohemian chums, did it full theatric justice. The engagement of the communication of the communication of the communication. enes taken from Henri Murger's novel did it full theatric justice. The engage-ment of the company closed on Satur-day night, when I Pagliacci and Caval-Lria Kusiicana were given admirably effective productions. At the matine, on the same day Lohengrin was re-

General rehearsals of the Toronto Festival Chorus begin next Tuesday evening, November 22, in Victoria Hall, succen street. The Messiah will be given December 15. The membership lists are closed. Every member of the Chorus is asked to be present next Tuesday evening. Tuesday evening.

The following are winners of scholarships given by the Toronto College of Music: Mason & Risch (\$50), Gerald Megan; Heintzman & Co. (\$50), Leweita Cairns and Mar.on Porter (equal); Public School—Piano, Muriel Lillie, George Street School; Vocal, Bessie Adams, St. David Street School; Violin, Ruby Wh tney, Ryerson School.

The Trinity Methodist Church Choir, corner Bloor and Robert streets, R. G. Kiroy, chormaster, will hold a service of praise on wednesday evening next November 23. The choir have prepared an excellent programme, including numbers from Mendelssohn, Foster, Leslie, Nendlinger, Shelley and Schnecker. In add ton to a number of well known soloists, who are members of the choir, they will have the assistance of Miss Lina Drechsler Adamson, violinist, and Mr. Arthur Blight, baritone. Miss Edith C. Adler, the organist, will contribute organ solos. An offering will be taken at the door.

Anne. Rosa d'Erina, the popular Irish prima donna, who is giving a series of successful recitals in the North-West, recently visited the town of Moosejaw, N.W.T. On the morning after her recital she was asked to visit the new Catholic Church of St. Joseph, and was surprised and delighted to find there a small pipe organ. This organ is a re-

article by Gustav Kobbe on Music as Medicine is contained in the current number of Good House-keeping, which also has a picture of the orchestra of attendants at the Manrchestra of attendants at the Man-attan State Hospital, on Ward's Island. hattan State Hospital, on Ward's Island. Dr. Dent, the medical superintendent of this hospital, is so convinced of the efficacy of the musical treatment that the finds for the employment of hired musicians having given out, he has organized this orchestra from among the attendants of the institution, and thus is able to continue the experiments. One of his cases is thus described:

"The patient, a woman afflicted with chronic mania, was brought into the room. She was violent, was in a strait-

chronic mania, was brought into the room, She was violent, was in a strait-jacket, and her language was loud and profane. A Chopin nocturne was played, with the result that her profanity ceased and she began talking sensibly. Under the influence of a Beethoven adagio her pulse became full and strong. With Home, Sweet Home, her skin became warm, showing a healthy reaction, she was less nervous, and, in the end, was sent back to her quarters without the strait-jacket."

Mr. Kobbé sums up his researches by aying that "the efficacy of music when upplied to the treatment of mental disasses is overwhelmingly certified to by tetnal results in practice, and if nohing more had been accomplished or were in prospect, this of itself would be of vast importance to humanity. be of vast importance to humanity. But it seems that as a means of counteracting fatigue of mind and body and as a soothing medium in cases of insomnia and nervous affections its possibilities are infinite." Concerning the effect of music on professionals, Mr. Kohbis makes these striking observa-Kobbé makes these striking observa-

"In New York orchestral players are

often obliged to play a long opera rehearsal in the morning, at a concert in the afternoon, and then at an operatic performance lasting perhaps until midnight. A clerk or average bisiness man equally hard-worked would be morose and on the verge of nervous prostration. But with orchestral players the stimulating effect of music seems to counteract the fatigue of overwork. They are a cheerful and sociable lot. Here music seems a preventive. In cases of lung trouble singing lessons (under a really able teacher) usually result in great physical improvement, due not only to the incidental instruction in proper breathing and consequent expansion of the lungs, but also to the stimulating effect of music itself. In fact, an artificial emotional crisis, such as is produced when either interpreting or listening to music, tesults in a beneficial physical redaction. Though Voltaire's remark that people go to the opera in order to digest their dinners was inthat people go to the opera in order to digest their dinners was intended for a sneer, he uttered a truth instead of a sarcasm. The Frenchman Chomet, who wrote a book on the use of music in curing disease, states that a concert or the opera after a meal is or muster in curing usease, states at a concert or the opera after a meal one of the best of 'digesters,' and is home music, the more joining it and the merrier the better, as in song with chorus."

Miss Eugenic Quehen, the brilliant pianiste, has been playing with marked success in recent recitals in the western part of the province. At a recital given in St. Thomas on the 8th inst., she was accorded an enthusiastic reception. The St. Thomas Journal referred to her steping as \$1.000 to \$1.

St. Thomas Journal referred to her playing as follows:
"Miss Quehen is a new comer and was heard for the first time. Her first number established her claim as a brilliant musician, and if she needed further introduction, the fact that she has been a pupil of Mr. Vogt's for the last five years is sufficient to ensure a hearty reception in St. Thomas. Mr. Vogt's association with the musical concerns of our city is a pleasant memory and left its impress. Her wealth of expression and technique is remarkable."

Toronto has a valuable acquisition to its musical ranks in the person of Herr August Wilhelmj, who is here from London, England, to take up the profession of vocals teaching in this city. As a son of the universally famous violinist, Herr August Wilhelmj, his life has naturally been cast within environments of the highest artistic character, and it followed that his musical education was pursued under most advantageous conditions. Among his vantageous conditions. Among teachers of international repute Professor Julius Stockhausen, numerous press notices as to Herr helmj's singing of important operation baritone roles indicate that he is a vobaritone roles indicate that he is a vo-calist of great ability. He will be on the vocal teaching staff of the Metro-politan School of Music, but down town interviews can also be arranged by communicating with Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the director, at his private studio at the Nordheimer warerooms.

The death of the eminent Berlin pianist and teacher, Herr Jedliczka, removes one of the most prominent figures in the musical life of the German capital. Among Herr Jedliczka's pupils were two former pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt of this city, namely, Mr. Douglas Hope Bertram and Mr. Leslie Hodgson, who took a leading position among the pupils of this great instructor. In a letter to Mr. Vogt written some time before Herr Jedliczka's death, the latter gave a most warmly-worded and un-solicited testimonial of the superior nature of the instruction which had been imparted to those pupils of Mr. Vog who had become pupils of the eminent Berliner. Herr Jedliczka expressed sur-prise and gratification that so high a standard of technical and interpretativ. work was being done in Canada

The London Musical Times says: "The modern military band hails from Ger-many, where the military genius and musical leanings of Frederick the Great musical leanings of Frederick the Great caused him to take the lead in establishing on a recognized model this important adjunct to the army. A start was made when King Frederick constituted the first band, with two hautboys, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons, an 'establishment' which long remained the rule not only in Germany but in other European countries. In the British army there was a queer lack of uniformity as late as half a century ago, which occasionally had dire come army there was a queer lack of uniformity as late as half a century ago, which occasionally had dire consequences. At the close of the Crimean war, at the Queen's birthday parade held at Varna in 1854, the English bands collectively played the national anthem, not only in independent arrangements, but in different keys! And this cacophony before the staff of the allied armies! No wonder those jarring sounds were much commented upon and that the Duke of Cambridge 'was evidently much impressed'—rather, it has been suggested, very much depressed. One of the Duke's first orders when he became commanderin-chief was that God Save the Queen should always be played in the key of B flat. But even the slow process of War Office reform manifested itself in this attempt at uniformity, as each bandmaster used his own peculiar harmonies, running bass parts, etc., so that while he key (B flat) was adhered to, according to the regulations, when the national unthem was played by massed bands the ing to the regulations, when the national unthem was played by massed bands the harmony was not very harmonious. A regulation harmonized edition for infantry and cavalry is, however, now in

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A Frenchwoman's Views of French Clericalism.

ATHERINE DOUGLAS
HUNTER, writing in last
week's issue of the New
York Outlook, reports the
views of a Roman Catholic
Frenchwoman concerning the
present relations of Church and State
in France. The article referred to cast
such illumination on the remarkable
French situation that it is reproduced
herewith in full: herewith in full:

herewith in full:

"On a Sunday in August I walked from my cottage at a certain quiet Normandy beach to hear morning mass at the nearest village church. The way was a delight, lying as it did over the dunes, through chemins creux and flowering lanes, past thatched cottages and substantial farmhouses by the stone cross at the crossway, into the stone cross at the crossway, into the village street.

"Secare in the possession of a pew-

"Secare in the possession of a pewcheck presented by my vegetable
woman, I passed through the stone
porch—a relic of the twelfth century—
entered the church, and found the seat
to which I was invited.

"The white head-dresses of the girls
and women of the people lent a note of
picturesqueness to the congregation in
the body of the church which was quite
wanting in the transepts filled by people
from neighboring châteaux.

"The mass was celebrated with a sim-

"The mass was celebrated with a simplicity, earnestness, and interest which, as usual, surprised me—imbued as I am with an old-tashioned and orthodox idea with an old-fashioned and orthodox idea of Roman Catholic liturgy—and the country people sang the canticles with fervor and followed the prayers with devotion. Mass over, the curé mounted the pulpit and, after reading the parish notices—vows of marriage and masses for the dead—proceeded to the sermon. "Text he had none, but began by recalling to all present that the next day would be the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin. On that day, he said, a

of the Virgin. On that day, he said, a procession would, issue from every church in the country, in memory of that other day on which the King of France took the Virgin Mary for the france took the Virgin Mary for the patron saint of his kingdom. He called upon all to witness how well the Holy Mother had guarded her people through the centuries. He asked if she had not now forsaken her country? He hoped not, but he impressed upon all the necessity of their presence at the Feast of the Assumption this year, because the Church was in peril and the country in extremity. He begged that parents would guard their children, who were to be suatched from their direction. He assured his people that those in power were rushing the country along an impious way to destruction, and declared that the sole hope of France lay in the Virgin, who even now might by her power save the Church, the faithful, and the nation.

"I sat there, my Sunday peace quite

"I sat there, my Sunday peace quite shattered, surprised, scandalized, and— amused at this attack upon the Govern-ment by an obscure curé in a remote country village.

"Church out, I returned straightway to interview my neighbor. She was a Roman Catholic, my neighbor, a frank, middle-aged, independent Bretonne transplanted to Normandy; a woman remarkable in many ways, having won more than local respect for her unprejudered mid terre available. ced mind, terse remark, witty repartee, and clear, fearless insight.

"She listened to my account of the ser-

er mouth.

He said that not for centuries has country been in such a precarious tion. That we have fallen on evil

For his pocketbook.' Mme. B---"For his pocketbook.' Mme. B—ended my sentence squarely, no trace of her smile remaining. "Who is responsible, Madame, for the state of things which he deplores? He—and others like him. You can hear that sermon any Sunday in the year from any little country curé. Why? Because they are parvenus, and toady to the remnants of the nobility. Most of them are from the lower classes, and their heads are turned from dining with the gentry. They want a monarchy, for they see their power daily diminishing under the Republic. They want to keep the people down—ignorant—in their power. That is their aim—power. They forget that they are supported by the Government they traduce, but the Government is remembering.

of the religious schools this morning, bien entendu. Madame, the Government could do nothing less. I—I am a Roman Catholic, but an independent Roman Catholic—and I say that.

"The Church schools, the schools taught by the religieux, have bred disloyalty and contempt for the Government which supported them. It was a

solving and contempt for the Govern-ment which supported them. It was all politics, politics, politics They were not religious schools. They were cleri-ral schools. Clericalism is not religion. "The boys who went out from those schools every year carried the germs of treachery, disloyalty, and rebellion all over France.

"Perhaps the Government has gone oo far—but what will you? When you imputate a leg you must cut into the

"She stopped for a moment as if in decision, then went on. 'See, Madame. "She stopped for a moment as if in indecision, then went on. 'See, Madame, I will give you my own experience. I had my nephew to educate. I was younger then and very religious, so I consulted the priest of my parish at C—, and he said that I must send him to the school of the religieux. I did so. What did I find? My little lad saying vile words while he could not even understand. I spoke to the curé. He said, "It is impossible. Some one is always with the hoys. They are never alone." But it was true; and it was true, too, that the atmosphere of the school was one of narrow, evil, trooked thought. I was brought up, Madame, with my brothers, and I come from a family of physicians, and I have a man's way of thinking, not a priest's, and I decided that I could not have my nephew's mind warped. I wanted him to be a man of broad and liberal views. "I took him out of that school and put him in the Lycée. That was twelve years ago, and it, created more feeling than it would now.

"'At that time children were not pre-

I will gladly give any sick one a full dollar's worth of Can any ailing one refuse this? my remedy to test.

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But this mountain of evidence is of no avail to those who shut their eyes and doze away in doubt. For doubt is harder to evercome than disease. I cannot cure those who lack the fail to try.

So now I have made this offer. I disregard the evidence. I lay aside the fact that mine is the largest medical practice in the world, and come to you as a stranger. I ask you to believe not one word that I say till you have proven it for yours-lf. I offer to give you outright a full dollar's worth of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. It is the tumost my unbounded confidence can suggest. It's open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief.

ask no deposit--no promise. There is nothing topay, either now or later. The dollar bottle is free.

I want no references—no security. The poor have the same opportunity as the rich. The very sick, the slightly ill, invalids of years, and men and women whose only trouble is an occasional "dull day"—to one and all I say "Merely write and ask." I will send you an order on your druggist. He will give you free, the full dollar package.

My offer is as broad as humanity itseff. For sickness knows no distinction in its ravages. And the restless patient on a downy couch is no more welcome than the wasting sufferer who frets through the lagging hours in a dismal hovel. I want EVERYone, EVERYwhere, to test my remedy.

Inside Nerves!

These are the nerves that wear out and reak down.
It does no good to treat the ailing organ the irregular heart—the disordered liver the rebellious stomach—the deranged kneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them, here you wil find the seat of the trouble. There is nothing new about this—nothing ny physician would dispute. But it revained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowedge—to put it to practical use. Dr. thoop's Restorative is the result of a marter-century of endeavor along this ery line. It does not dose the organ or eaden the palm—but it does go at once the nerve—the power or reve—and builds it up and strengthers and makes it well.

For Stomach Troubles

The stomach is controlled by a delicat crve called the solar plexus. Prize-fight s know that a blow over the stomaches know that a blow over the stomach—a dur plexus blow—means a sure knock-tit. For this nerve is ten times as sensi-ve as the pupil of your eye. Yet the olar plexus is only one of the centers of the great inside nerve—the power nerve, it is one of the master nerves. The stomch is its slave. Practically all stomach cuble is nerve trouble—inside nerve trou-le—solar plexus trouble. Dr. Shoop's estorative strengthens the inside nerves trengthens the solar plexus-and the omach trouble disappears.

A Bond of Sympathy.

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bedridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you admarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your dijestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys. The weak of the inside nerves state were out and lit does no good to treat the alling organ—the irrecular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that wear out and little the properties of the properties of the control them. There you wil' I and the seat of the trouble. There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr.

But the nerves that wear out and every one, depend upon the inside nerves is not only the most important—it is the most laborious. For our other nerves are exceted only at will. We think and calk the control them. There you wil' I and the seat of the trouble. There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr.

But the every one, depend upon the inside nerve system in the human to within devital organs, cach and every one, depend upon the inside nerve one, depend upon the inside nerve on the development of the route of the rest of the weak of the inside nerve system, for it not only regulates here we will. And the vital organs, each nerve system, for it not only regulates here we well. And the vital organs, which they developed on the inside nerve on their duties properly we are till. And the vital organs, which th

ault, save the weakening of the organs hey supply.

But this strong bond of sympathy has a useful purpose. For it shows us clearly that all are branches of one great system—that if we make the system strong we strengthen every branch. This is why so many allments can be cured by one form of treatment. For almost all sickness is nerve sickness—hisde nerve sickness and other kinde of sickness, such as purely organic derangements are frequently due to lack of proper inside nerve treatment.

For Kidney Troubles.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain. But my years of patient experiment will avail you nothing if you do not accept my offer. For facts and reason and even belief will not cure. Only the remedy can do that.

Many Ailments-One Cure.

"complicated." For this delicate nerve is the most sensitive part of the human system.

Does this not explain to you some of the uncertainties of medicine—is it not a good reason to your mind why other kinds of treatment may have falled?

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves of my medicine were it not UNI-FORMLY helpful? Could I AFFORD to do this if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

For Heart Trouble.

Simply Write Me

Many Ailments—Une Cure.

I have called these the inside nerves for simplicity's sake. Their usual name is the "sympathetic" nerves. Physicians call them by this name because they are so closely allied—because each is in such close sympathy with the others. The result is that when one branch is allowed to become impaired the others weaken. That is why one kind of sickness leads into another. That is why cases become "complicated." For this delicate nerve is the most sensitive part of the human system.

Does this not explain to you some of the uncertainties of medicine—is it not a good reason to your mind why other kinds of treatment may have failed?

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere

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For Womanly Troubles-

Your heart beats more than ten thousand times a day. And every heart beat is an impulse of the inside nerve branch called the cardiac plexus. The heart is a muscle, but it is the nerve that makes the muscle do the work. An irregular or weak heart is, almost in every instance, the direct result of a weak or irregular nerve—inside nerve. To cure heart trouble, restore the nerve to normal. Dr. Shoop's Restorative will restore the cardiac plexus, just as it restores the solar plexus and the renal plexus. For all are equal parts of the great inside nerve sympathetic Nerves." Each center is in close sympathy with the other, and when one becomes deranged general weakness, of the great inside nerve system—the power nerves—the master nerves. Almost all of the troubles that are pe-

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pared in the Lycée for their first comnumion, and I was obliged to send my cohew to the parish school to receive is instruction, although I had myself taght him his catechism. He knew it For his pocketbook' Mme. B—
ed my sentence squarely, no trace of
smile remaining. 'Who is responc, Madame, for the state of things
che deplores? He—and others
him. You can hear that sermon
Sunday in the year from any little
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nobility. Most of them are from
hower classes, and their heads are
ned from dining with the gentry.

y want a monarchy, for they see their
are daily diminishing under the Redic. They want to keep the people
win—ignorant—in their power. That
their aim—power. They forget that
their aim—power. They forget that
y are supported by the Government
ty traduce, but the Government
is rembering.

"The curé was thinking of the closing
the religious schools this morning,
mentendu, Madame, the Government
was next to the Bishop, and I told him of
the insults and annoyances to which we
were subjected, and I said, "Unless this
stops I will take my nephew away." He
aid, "How can you?" I said, "I am a
free agent and I will." "Where else
can he be prepared?" "I will prepare
him myself, and he shall go to commanion with me." When the Vicar saw
that I was very angry and determined,
he said he would see about it, and there
was no trouble after that, and my
washew metaloh, attrough the factors are
well is lestons perfectly—for I
had taught him—he was given tasks
and humiliated and punished more than
the children who knew nothing. It was
real tyranny. They thought that they
ould hurt me, and that because I was
a woman I would do nothing. But I
did. I went to the Vicar, who stands
he insults and annoyances to which we
were subjected, and I said, "Unless this
stops I will take my nephew away." He
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a free agent and I will." and the
was very agry and determined,
he said he would see about it, and there
was no trouble after that, and my
specific was very angry after that, and

> "When my nephew had been in the Lycée three years, I received a brochure against the Lycée. It was filled with des injures, des calomnies et des injumes. I took it to the Bishop. "This," I said, "has been sent to me, and I have come to tell you, Monseigneur, that there is not one word of truth in it. My nephew has been at the Lycée during three years, and I knove. Moreover, I think it is a pity that the Church should stoop to such means." "When my nephew had been in the

"The Bishop was astonished. I could not belp it. I had to speak the truth. "Now, can you see, Madame, how ong-suffering the Government has been and how just is its course? As I said before, these are not religious schools, but clerical schools, and clericalism is not religion. Religion is conviction, and religion is peace."

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The day has gone by when to be well dressed was to be considered a "dude." Now all classes of men dress as well as their means will permit. But few men are willing to sacrifice comfort to ap-pearances, and that is where the average fellow finds his chief sartorial difficulty. It is a difficulty that can only be over come by patronizing a tailor who understands the requirements of comfort as well as the requirements of style. Levy Bros., for instance, who are located on Colborne street, at the corner of Scott, to be a man of broad and liberal views.
"It took him out of that school and put him in the Lycee. That was twelve same time giving them plenty of free-years ago, and it, created more feeling than it would now.
"At that time children were not pre-itonally swell overcoats for winter wear.

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men's opera glasses for sale—a bargain. Made by Lemaire, of Paris, and in excellent condi-tion. Apply to "Business, 3D," in care of Saturday Night.

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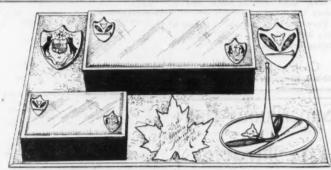
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Killing off the Seals.

A reference to the fiction of fifty years ago will show that in those days the possession of a seal-skin jacket was looked upon as a hall-mark of aristocracy. To-day the fashion in furs has changed somewhat, but sealskin still holds its own as an expensive and aristocratic pelt. For this reason it is disheartening to learn that, in the opinion of fur experts, the whole race of Behring Sea fur seals is doomed shortly to become extinct; so that sealskin will soon be a thing of the past.

so that sealskin will soon be a thing of the past.

The cause of this is largely due to the excessively wasteful slaughter in the Behring Sea by sealers who gave no thought to anything beyond the immediate gain of the moment. The old Russian Fur Company had for its head a man named Baroneff, who recorded on one occasion that no less than 800,000 skins had been spoiled owing to defective storage, and, in consequence, had simply to be thrown away.

It is not, however, only the waste-

had simply to be thrown away.

It is not, however, only the wastefolness, but the cruelty of the seal-hunters' methods that has to be taken into consideration. It is a peculiarity of the seal tribe that, if a mother is killed, no other parent will adopt her orphaned offspring. For this reason laws have been passed to protect the seal islands during the breeding season; but this is of very little use, owing to the fact that the mothers frequently go cut on foraging expeditions, which take them fifty miles or more away from the islands where their offspring are left. Not so very long ago as many as 28, cut on foraging expeditions, which take them fifty miles or more away from the islands where their offspring are left. Not so very long ago as many as 28,000 seal pups were found starved to death on the famous Pribyloff Islands, which are protected by law during the breeding season; but the radius of protection does not extend nearly far enough to cover the distant foraging expeditions of the mother seals. These islands were accidentally discovered in 1780 by a Siberian Cossack, who filled his vessel to overflowing with more than 30,000 sealskins, as well as blue and silver fox skins, and pelts of the seaotter, which is one of the most valuable furs in the world. From this beginning grew up the great Russian Fur Company, to which many nobles and even members of the Imperial Family belonged, and from which they acquired great wealth.

A curious point that has recently been established in regard to the fur seal is that he was originally a land animal, and he still retains certain of his original characteristics. The baby seals to this day can run on land, using their hind flippers as feet; and if thrown into the water they are liable to be drowned. Their parents, on the other hand, can only drag their hind flippers and crawl clumsily along, showing that, as soon as they have mastered the art of swimming, they forget all about their early exercise of walking.

The original charater of the Fur Company allowed them to take 100,000 "bachelor" seals every year; but since 1890 this has been rendered impossible by the fact that there are not as many "bachelor" seals as this to be found in the islands. It may be explained that the word "bachelor" in this sense signifies a seal under the age of five or six years, up to which time he does not take to himself a wife, and has therefore no family ties or responsibilities. In 1805 the number was reduced to 15,000, and a law was also passed making it illegal to use firearms or explosives of any kind within a radius of sixty miles of the seal rookeries.

The really important thi

The really important thing, however, if these valuable creatures are to be kept from extermination, is that some stringent legislation should be brought to bear upon the "pelagie" sealers—that is to say, those who hunt them in the open sea. When the breeding season draws near the seals make for their accustomed breeding-places in large numbers, and it is then that the relagic sealers are very apt to intercept them, killing large numbers of those that are destined shortly to become mothers. If the pelagic sealers were only allowed to follow their business after the breeding season, when the seals were returning home, the harm that they do would be very greatly diminished.

Naturally, the woman of fashion,

diminished.

Naturally, the woman of fashion, when buying a sealskin jacket or mantle, does not stop to consider the precise means by which the seal from the Pribyloff Islands has been converted into the costly garment that she now proposes to buy. She does not know that the death of the original owner of her coat may have caused some promising young seal to die of slow starvation because his mother, who had gone out to forage, never came home gone out to forage, never came home in the evening. Perhaps the temporary popularity of other furs will allow of a lull in the sealing business, and will give the seal population time to recover its normal numerical strength.

Jefferson's Interest

Joseph Jefferson once told a friend that during his long stage career he had never been associated with any one showing undue familiarity with him save one individual, a man named Baglev, who some years ago was property man in the comedian's company.

This Bagley annoyed Mr. Jefferson very much by his somewhat offensive mariners, but, owing to the valuable services rendered by him, Mr. Jefferson had always been loath to take measures more severe than a reprimand. But finally the familiarity of the property man increased to an extent impossible to endure, so he was summarily discharged. This dismissal occurred just before the opening of Mr. Jefferson's engagement one year in Baltimore.

That night Bayley, got exceedingly.

of Mr. Jefferson's engagement one year in Baltimore.

That night Bagley got exceedingly drunk. Paving his wav into the theater, he repaired to the gallery, there to see his old employer enact Rio Van Winkle.

The angry Gretchen had inst driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turns, and, with a word of pathos, asks: "Den I haf no interest in der house?" The theater was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice was heard in response:

response:
"Only eighty per cent. Joe, old boy, only eighty per cent.!"



12

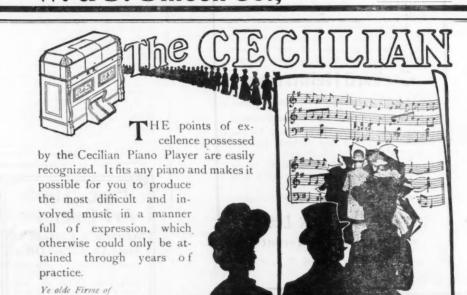
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California

The Chicago & North-Western Ry has issued a new publication entitle California. It contains a beautiful cored map of the State, a list of hote at California tourist resorts with their at California tourist resorts with their capacity and rates; and a most inter-esting series of pictures showing Cali-fornia's resources and attractions. The prospective visitor and settler should be in possession of a copy of this profusely illustrated folder. Sent to any address on receipt of two cents in stamps. Low rates from all points. B. H. Bennett, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

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UNITARIAN CHURCH County Grange Lodge Concert

A JUBILEE SUNDAY, November 20th 11 a.m. -- Service of thanksgiving, conducted by the

non by Professor F. C. Doan, of Meadville, Pa Sermon by Protessor F. C. Doan, of Meadville, Pa 7 p.m.—Mortgage-burning celebration, in charg of the pastor, I.—Brief service of worship. II. Burning of church mottgage. III.—Addresses I Adelbert Most, Buffalo, President of the Midd States and Canada Conference; Rev. Victor I, Gilpi Lo-don; Rev. Frederick C. Brown, Buffalo; Pr fessor F. C. Doan, Meadville, Pa. Subje-addresses: "A Living Church in the Twe



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were first made nearly 30 years ago by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman. They have hosts of friends in every part of Canada, and deserve every one of them, for each instrument represents years of research upon the part of this master of tone pro-

Gerhard Heintzman pianos are to-day, as then, made under the personal supervision of Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, and each instrument receives that inspection that has made the name

Gerhard Heintzman

on a piano a guarantee of value to the purchaser.

If you wish to do somebody a favor, tell that somebody we have a \$500 Gerhard Heintzman piano, slightly used, to sell for \$318.

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Social and Personal.

A pretty wedding took place in Christ Church, Niagara Falls, on Wednesday, November 9, at 8,30 p.m., when Miss Mand May Slater, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Slater of Niagara Falls, was married to Mr. Duncan Salisbury Merwin, B.D., of Oaklawn, Pasadena, California. The always pretty church was made especially attractive for the occasion with white and gold chancel hangings and many tall palms and white chrysanthemums. The Very Reverend Dean Houston, M.A., D.C.L., ector of Christ Church, assisted by the Rev. Guy B. Gordon, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, was gowned in white Irish poplin, with trimmings of chiffon and Venetian lace. Her veil, which fell to the edge of her train, was held in place by a wreath of orange blossoms. The shower bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley, and a jeweled brooch and ring, gifts of the groom, were worn. The maid of honor. Miss Edith Edmand of Niagara Falls, and the bridesmaids, Miss Agnes M. Hopkins of Hamilton, niece of the bride, and Miss Florence Houston of Niagara Falls. wore very becoming costumes of ivory silk voile over taffeta, and beaver hats with white plumes, and carried

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PHONE CITY DAIRY North 2040:

shower bouquets of pink roses tied with shepherdess bows of pink ribbon. Mr. Benjamin Hubbell of Rochester, N.Y., cousin of the groom, was best man, and Mr. G. Douglas Palmer of Lundy's Lane, Niagara Falls, and Mr. Firnum G. Anderson of Niagara Falls, N.Y., were the ushers. The bride's gifts to her maid of honor and bridesmaids were opal rings; those of the groom to his best man and the ushers were pearl scarf pins. A bridal hymn was very effectively rendered while the register was being signed. After the ceremony about a hundred and fifty guests assembled at the Park Refectory, where Mr. and Mrs. Slater gave a reception.

**Cards are out announcing the mar-

Cards are out announcing the marriage in the Second Presbyterian Church, Cleveland, of Miss Kate Michell, youngest daughter of Mrs. Tobias Michell, to Mr. Thomas Moore Turnbull. With the good wishes of the bride's Canadian frieuds is mingled regret that Warren, Ohio, not Toronto, will be Mrs. Turnbull's future home.

Mrs. Edgar Turbayne will receive her friends on the second Thursday in each month at 46 Empress crescent.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Teetzel have taken a suite of rooms at the Alexandra.

Miss Hendershott has returned to Toronto after spending the summer study-ing on the continent, and is the guest of Mrs. Gibbs Wellington, 18 Home-wood avenue.

The Harvard Club of Toronto will hold its annual dinner at McConkey's, Monday evening, November 21. Mr. R. C. Matthews, 11 Bernard avenue, is

Mr. and Mrs. William Kent are spending the winter with Mrs. Kent's brother Dr. Allen Shore, 425 Bloor street west.

The prevalent idea of an electric chandelier is something made up of brass or bronze and fitted with glass shades. The endeavor to produce something new, however, has led the best designers of the present day to make use of wood in some of their beautiful creations—mica is also used in place of glass with very good effect.

The local electric light company, in their show-rooms, show a dining-room dome fixture provided with oak shelf, which may be used as a place for steins or other ornaments.

r other ornaments. Visitors are always cordially wel-

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Of the several banks which have recently opened their doors for business in this province none has done so under auspices as favoiable as those under which the new Home Bank of Canada will enter the banking field. This institution has been incorporated for the purpose of taking over and continuing as a bank the business of the Home Savings and Loan Company. With an already large business, a high reputation for prudent and sagacious methods, and a directorate composed of men ranking well to the front in financial circles, the new institution will step at ranking well to the front in financial circles, the new institution will step at once into an enviable position among the most prominent of the older banks. The capital of the Home Bank is fixed at \$1,000,000, of which \$300,000 have been secared by the shareholders of the Home Savings and Loan Company by an agreement which also provides for the taking over of the business of that institution. This will enable the bank to begin business with funds on hand of at least \$3,500,000. The stock will be issued at a uniform price of 133 1-3 to all subscribers payable in monthly calls of \$13,33 per share each. This investment has proved so attractive to many of the shareholders in the old company that they have signified their intention of increasing their holdings, and numerous depositors have also determined to take stock. The subscription books of the new bank will be opened at the head office of the Home Savings & Loan Company at 78 Church street on November 18. the new institution will step a

ber 18.

The general manager of the Home Bank will be Lieutenant-Colonel Mason, managing director of the old company. The provisional directors are: Eugene O'Keefe, John Foy, Edward Stock, J.P., Thomas Flynn, Thomas R. Wood, Edward G. Gooderham, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lames Mason. Colonel James Mason,



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It is better than electricity, because It is better than electricity, because it does not scar or produce a new growth. Better than X-ray, because it does not burn, scar or paralyze the ti-sues under the skin. Better than depilatories, because it is not poisonous; therefore, it will not cause blood poisoning, or produce eczema, which is so common with depilatories, and does not break off the heir, thereby increasing its off the hair, thereby increasing its rowth.

Electrolysis, X-ray or depilatories are offered you on the bare word of the operators and manufacturers. D E MRACLE is not. It is the only method which is indersed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines.

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Births

Barr-Nov. II. Toronto, Mrs. A. Fordyce

Barr-Nov. II. Toronto, Mrs. A. Fordyce
Barr, a son.
Cook-Nov. I3, Brantford, Mrs. Christopher Cook, a son.
Hennessy-Nov. I4, Toronto, Mrs. J. Hennessy, a son.
Langfeldt-Nov. I4, Peterboro, Mrs. E. A.
Langfeldt, a son.
Muldrew-Nov. I1, Madoc, Mrs. W. H.
Muldrew-Nov. I1, Madoc, Mrs. W. H.
Muldrew, a daughter.
Paterson-Nov. I4, Toronto, Mrs. Sydney
A. Paterson, a son.
Robson-Nov. I5, Toronto, Mrs. J. E. Rob-

A. Paterson, a son.

Robson—Nov. 15, Toronto, Mrs. J. E. Robson, a daughter.

Rowland—Nov. 13, Toronto, Mrs. W. A. Rowland, a son.

Sterling—Nov. 10, Plattsville, Mrs. George E. Sterling, a son.

Wison—Nov. 15, Toronto, Mrs. Chas. A. Wilson, a daughter.

Wison—Nov. 44 Mrs. W. G. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, a daughter. Wilson-Nov. 14, Mrs. W. G. Wilson, a daughter.

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Cosy, quiet sleeping-rooms and ainty bill-of-fare.

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Deaths

Bascom-Nov. 13, Kemptville, Oliver Bas-com, aged 55 years. 202-204 King Street West, Toronto Com, aged & years.

Cotter.—Nov. 13, Toronto, G. S. Cotter. aged & years. Nov. 13, Toronto, Emily 31 years. 31 years.

Doelle—Nov. 13, London, J. W. Doelle, aged 44 years and 7 months.

Elward—Nov. 13, Toronto, Margaret Ei-

Gray—Nov. 14. Ballantrae, Margaret Härper Gray. Kilcullen—Nov. 14. Colgan, Rev. Father Kilcullen. Millard-Nov. 12. Newmarket, Susan Hol-lingshead Millard.

Hingsheid Millard.

Partridge—Nov. 13. Crown Hill, William H. Partridge, J.P., aged 77 years.

Fillar—Nov. 14. Toronto, Sarah Fillar, aged 88 years.

Preston—Nov. 14. Toronto, Duncan Macpherson Preston, aged 40 years.

Reesor—Nov. 8. Brandon, Lulu H. Campbell Reesor.

Sullivan-Nov. 12, Toronto, William Sulli-van, aged 43 years. Whitlaw-Nov. 10, Wallace, Idaho, Charles Morse Whitlaw,

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